



2,000 Students Demonstrate As U of M Petitions Gordon

by DOUG WILSON

Dr. James, I Presume



Winston Wong, Editor-in-Chief of Old McGill '63, makes a presentation to Dr. F. Cyril James who retired from the post of Principal and Vice-Chancellor on December 1. The Annual's presentation was a suitably engraved portrait of Dr. James and was presented at a banquet tendered in his honour by the Students' Society last Friday. Dr. James received several other awards and accepted the position of Honorary Editor-in-Chief of the McGill Daily.

Dr. F. C. James Accepts Post Of Honorary Editor-In-Chief

by SUE ALTSCHUL

Dr. James, retiring Principal and Vice-Chancellor, was made Honorary Editor-in-Chief of the Daily, the first one in history, and presented with a Gold Pin, the highest award the Daily bestows, by Irwin Collier, Editor-in-Chief, last Friday.

These and other awards were presented to him by student leaders at the farewell dinner for Dr. James given in the Union Ballroom. "We are making history tonight," commented Peter King, President of the Union, and Chairman of the dinner.

About seventy people, students and ex-students, had gathered to honour the retiring Principal, and history was certainly being made, as past Presidents of the Students' Society dating back to 1939—Dr. James' first year in office—were present.

Gordon Echenberg, President of the Students' Society, formally introduced Dr. James, pointing out that his official biography ran to three pages, following which speeches were made by past Presidents representing the three decades in which Dr. James was Principal.

Russ Merrifield, President in

1939, complimented Dr. James on retaining the "slim, suave, debonaire youthfulness which he had as

a '39 model", and gave as the reason for his weathering so well his

(Continued on page 7)

Minor violence and vandalism punctuated a demonstration in front of the Queen Elizabeth Hotel yesterday afternoon. The rally was planned by the Executive Committee of the Student government of the University of Montreal.

A crowd of students, protesting anti-French discrimination in the Canadian National Railways, jammed Dorchester street to draw attention to a resolution that Bernard Landry, presented to CNR President Donald Gordon.

Landry stated that Mr. Gordon had satisfied him that "a new system of scientific promotion" would correct any inequities in the present managerial levels.

However, due to what Landry called the "difficulty of moving such a large number of people," many incidents marred an otherwise orderly "manifestation" of protest.

The Red Ensign on the flag pole in front of Place Ville Marie was torn down and ripped to shreds.

Two war veterans manning the information booth in the lobby were extremely angered by the act, and called the students responsible "cowardly stupid ruffians."

Other damage was done to the building. Demonstrators knocked out louvres above the escalators, destroyed signs, and smashed eggs against the windows.

Later, the steel flagpole was blackened when an effigy of the CNR President was hung and burned.

Eight students were taken into custody, but five, including one from McGill, were released after investigation.

Two students were charged with "obstructing the police" and a third with disturbing the peace. Landry and Louis Marceau, who was in charge of organizing the demonstration, were at the St. Luc Police Station endeavouring to obtain the release of these three.

They stated that they were "very confident" that their efforts would be successful.

On the spot opinions varied. A policeman stationed in front of the Queen Elizabeth asked to have a good word put in for the police.

"It is not pleasant to be hit by eggs and galoshes," he said. However, he added, "things could have been worse."

A security guard at Place Ville Marie claimed that three extra

shifts had to be put on to handle the mob." He estimated their numbers at four or five thousand.

A second guard, who was on the top floor of the Royal Bank Building, thought the scene looked "quite peaceful," and said the crowd was not over five hundred.

Landry said that there were about two thousand, as did another police constable.

The demonstration, taking place on Gordon's birthday, had been announced a week beforehand in the French language newspapers Le Devoir and La Presse, and over television yesterday noon.

Delegations from all the faculties of U. of M. and various technical colleges in Montreal were present to show their approval of the university's resolution.

Although it has not yet been ratified by a general meeting of the student body, Landry said that the Executive Committee was "sure" of student approval.

He explained that it "would have been a waste of time to take students away from their studies just before exams." A meeting will be held in January after the holidays.

Autonomy

When asked what the University Administration thought of the demonstration, Landry replied that "we retain our autonomy." "We do not ask their opinion," he said, "and they do not give it to us."

Some witnesses felt that the majority of the damage and malicious acts were done by "hangers-on" out for a good time, who had nothing to do with the University.

However, one of Place Ville Marie's staff stated that "99% of staff stated that '99 per cent of the five hundred or so who came through the building were wearing University of Montreal tags."

Landry agreed that this proportion was correct.

Mr. Gordon who, according to a police officer, had left for Toronto, was unavailable for comment. He was reported as saying that he had found the discussion most useful.

He later said he had explained some things the students had misunderstood before.

The demonstration lasted until around 5:45, when most of the students returned home. Police were still stationed at the hotel at 11 pm last night.

At that time there were a few reminders of the afternoon left.

Some frozen egg yolks remained on windows, the English side of a street sign had a black cross through it, and three rubbers and a boot remained unnoticed in the gutter beside the Queen Elizabeth Hotel.

SEC Welcomes New Reps

by CHARLES SHANNON

The outgoing Students' Executive Council, in a joint meeting last night, welcomed the student representatives elected two weeks ago. At the meeting, last of this term of office, Gordon Echenberg, Chairman of the SEC, emphasized to the new Council members the responsibility of their mandate, that of representatives for nearly 10,000 students.

Their duties, Echenberg explained, would in future include the regular submission of reports on various portfolios which will be assigned. He also outlined the financial situation of the Council, which, he said, now had an intermediate deficit of some \$22,000, due mainly to greatly increased personnel expenditures by the Bookstore, resulting in a halving of its expected revenue. This, he

Projected Plans

Among the projected plans of the Council which were discussed, was the reorganization of the records of associated clubs and organizations, in preparation for the move to the new Union. It was suggested that the new delegates look into the possibility of appointing an archivist to assist the clubs in organizing their files.

The outgoing members of the Council then proceeded to consider several financial motions, including the acceptance of the Daily's

supplementary estimates, the Red and White Revue budget, and passage of ISA's Asia Week Supplementary Budget. At this meeting, Council also voted to accept the Constitution of the Junior Chamber of Commerce at McGill. Two appointments were approved, Michael Blau as Chairman of the Awards Banquet, and Gordon Sharp as Chairman of the Conventions Committee.

Echenberg then thanked the outgoing Council for their activity during the year, and reviewed briefly their accomplishments, including improvements to the Union, an ever-expanding program of activities, and, above all, the New Union.

Christmas Lecture

Ex-Principal and Vice-Chancellor Dr. F. Cyril James, will give his traditional Christmas Lecture in Moyse Hall, at 9 am tomorrow. This lecture will replace the regular Economics 100 Lecture.

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IN CHARGE OF THIS ISSUE

'Twas the night before publication, and all thro' the Union, not a reporter was stirring, not even a Wanda, Marlee and Charlee were tucked up all safe in their beds, while too many letters danced in their heads. And Sue in her kerchief and Lou in his cap had just settled down for a long winter's nap. When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter, Dougannebayla sprang to the fire escape to see what was the matter. When what to its wondering eyes did appear but the Chief as an egg roll creamed him right in the ear, and a jolly big fellow so lively, not quick, I knew in a moment it wasn't St. Nick, but the Horsh. Who hopped to his sleigh, to his dears gave a whistle, "On Richard, on Jessie, on Steve and the Bo, on Tim and on Tom, for Chinese food we'll go." And Carlo exclaimed as they rode out of sight, Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night.

DECEMBER 12, 1962

Our SEC Representatives

Last night, for the first time in many years, the SEC had to begin its meeting without the necessary quorum for the transaction of business. That this is indicative of a lack of responsibility on the part of our representatives is to understate the case. A great deal of prestige is attached to sitting on the Students' Executive Council; although a number of acclamations occur in some faculties, in most cases elections are fought with intensity and victory is highly prized for numerous honours appear to descend almost inevitably upon this body.

Why then have some members of this year's council so blatantly neglected their responsibilities that they refuse even to attend meetings, or arrive late, or contribute nothing or even sleep? Surely they must appreciate their responsibilities to the leading university community in Canada, to a student population of more than 9,000! Even if their chairman is perhaps efficient to the point of being cavalier, surely they must realize that unless they aggressively present views and proposals their representation is a sham, and a vicious circle of dictation from the chair is inevitable.

Unfortunately student government, particularly in a large university, can become isolated from the flow of individual opinion. This is encouraged at McGill where the SEC representatives from the faculties are often unknown or forgotten several weeks after the elections. Those officers elected on a campus-wide basis, from the entire University, such as the Chairman of the SEC, are watched very carefully; similarly those students appointed to lead important organizations and activities, are closely surveyed during their terms and appraised afterwards. But our representatives from the faculties are blissfully ignored, or merely criticized as a group; only those bestowed with certain portfolios attract any notice, and it is doubtful if more than a handful of students could even name the ministers in charge of the more important duties.

What has long been required is a closer surveillance of the activities of individual members sitting on the SEC. This year, two representatives, accepting their responsibility to inform their constituents, have volunteered to be available for one hour each week to answer all questions, discuss problems, and hear new opinions. This is not a new idea, but has never been implemented in our years at McGill, it is an imaginative and practical approach we hope will be followed in all faculties.

But let us not be overly harsh. Most representatives performed their responsibilities in a consistently mature and competent manner; and while their errant colleagues may not have received sufficient prodding and even criticism, neither have they been showered with praise. Next year's council has a high tradition to follow; we wish them all the best; they have an important task ahead.

From The Ivory Tower

On Interdependence

by JOHN R. GARSON

"Britain's role in world affairs," said Acheson, "is about to be played out". He was speaking at a student conference at West Point. He was explaining, in his quiet and patient way, what most of his audience already knew: that isolated from the powerful European Community, Britain would go the way of all tight little islands that have failed to keep pace with the fact of a changing world.

The British took it pretty hard. Their Prime Minister, leading advocate of "if you can't beat 'em, join 'em" school of marketeers, felt compelled to mutter dark things about "others" who had made the same mistake as the ungracious Mr. Acheson. Hitler, for example. And much space in English papers was devoted to a scathing attack on those presumptuous Americans who, truth to tell, would not really be around save for some tough defensive work by Britain's best, in or about 1940.

The incident is instructive. Not Mr. Acheson's speech. He didn't say anything new, untrue or startling. But it is interesting to note the British reaction to the cold and hard facts of 1962. The post-war stage is over, but the climate of English public opinion has not kept pace with the commendable political sacrifices made by that country in the past fifteen years. It is one thing for the Cabinet to divvy up the Empire like good sports and make sophisticated speeches about independence. It is quite another thing for the English community as a whole to accept the unpleasant implications of such diplomacy. Nobody likes to be told that they are second rate. The agonizing paradox, of course, is that British application for membership in the European community rests on the basic assumption that what Acheson says is true. They know it. We know it. But Rupert Brookes dies hard.

Big Changes

Acheson's West Point speech, amazingly enough, coincided with a statement from the White House questioning the usefulness of the Sky Bolt missile pro-

gram. If questioned right out of existence, Britain might find herself without the independent nuclear deterrent so dear to the strategists of that nation. The Americans are probably wrong in thinking that the sole motive for the French "frappe de force" is De Gaulle's jealousy of its English equivalent. But the American statement reinforces the current doctrine that independent nuclear deterrents are a bad substitute for an integrated force. Interdependence. Integration. Its all the rage and national pride must and will be swallowed.

Mr. Acheson's speech comes only some months after the successful legislative passage of Kennedy's Trade Expansion Act. It is claimed, and probably with reason, that some clever manipulation of tariffs on products monopolized by Europe and America will bring increased benefits throughout the Atlantic Alliance. The Trade Expansion Bill is designed for a Europe inclusive of Britain. And independent British money is about as useful as independent British nuclear forces. So then, from a political or military or economic point of view, "Britain's role in world affairs is about to be played out". Unless! Unless she joins with Europe.

And Canada?

This facile restatement of that which we all know is only by way of introduction to the notion that Canada's present economic and political attitudes are dangerous to both herself and the growth of the Atlantic Alliance. Those of us who applaud Acheson's remarks would probably be horrified to hear him say the same things about Canada. Were he to say that Canada

is on the way to becoming a poor and unprotected supplier of raw materials; were he to say that our defence policy is at once both farcical and dangerous; were he to say that nobody really listens to Howard Green in either New York or Geneva, both Mr. Diefenbaker and The Globe and Mail would leap to the defence of a proud, strong and viciously maligned country.

But Britain's medicine must be equally good for us. If British statesmen can beg those Europeans they have so long hated to let them into the Club, the time has come for some of our financial wizards to take the ninety-minute flight from Ottawa to Washington and discuss the facts of hard money. One hopes that there might be room on the flight for some military planners and other assorted big-wigs who must snap out of the Canadiana myth.

The Atlantic Alliance, if it is to work, (and if it is not to work, we had best quit now), will only function with two, not twenty partners. Each country of Western Europe will, in the not too distant future, be inextricably linked to the Common Market in one way or another. On this side of the Atlantic, common sense dictates that a New America (any word will do) replace the antiquated economic and political sub-structure of North America.

The creation of a free trade area between Canada and the United States — an economic union — must be our immediate goal. The fact of French-German unity serves to ridicule the argument of those who sputter at the enormity of the task.

Streamlined Legislation

In an article entitled "Canada and the EEC", it was pointed out that Canada was facing an important economic crisis. One possible solution was proposed in which Canada should re-adjust her economy by expanding her natural resource industries while attempting to complete as many of the manufacturing processes on the natural resources as possible before presenting them on the world market to compete with foreign goods.

Whether or not this solution is adopted, some kind of economic change will have to take place in order to adjust to the world's changing economic scene.

What is presently lacking is an instrument of government which provides the necessary rapport between federal and provincial levels of legislation. What is also lacking at present is a common meeting ground for labor and industry from which they could express their views concerning legislation by which they are affected. It is hoped that the instrument of legislation which is now proposed can fill this gap.

The proposed instrument entails the creation of a Federal Minister of Federal-Provincial Relations. Ten deputy ministers, one for each province, would be responsible to the Minister. In each province a provincial Min-

ister of Economic Affairs would head sessions which would also be attended by that province's deputy minister (who is responsible to the Federal Minister). These sessions would also be attended by representatives of labor as well as by representatives of industry.

Each basic industry could be

by
REEVIN PEARL
and

DAVID RYBACK

The authors were delegates to the Laval Conference on Canadian affairs.

differentially represented. The pulp and paper industry could have one representative, the basic metal industry another, agriculture another, and so on. Labor could be represented by different representatives for different provinces.

To clear up any confusion, at the federal level we have a Minister of Economic Affairs. When necessary the Minister of Economic Affairs could call for a session which would be attended by a deputy minister and the representatives of industry and labor. The specific problem which precipitated the session would then be presented and when a proposal which was in

accordance with all concerned was framed, the proposed legislation could be taken either by the Minister of Economic Affairs to the provincial cabinet or by the deputy minister to the Minister of Federal-Provincial Relations and thence to the Federal cabinet. This instrument would allow those parties affected by certain pieces of legislation to exert what influence they could on the legislators in a more efficient manner than by lobbying.

Attitude Change

It is admitted that the probability of accordance between the representatives of the different factions is not extremely high, and so it is of essence for those representatives to adopt a mature attitude of co-operation and compromise. If Canada is to make the best of the situation with which she is now faced, these different factions must develop at least some sense of patriotism and selflessness by which they may be guided. The greed for highest profits which is the driving force of industry must be assuaged by a keen sense of long-term foresight. Only then can this instrument of government operate efficiently to change the potential economic dilemma into an opportunity for unprecedented prosperity.

The Fall Semester of 1962 produced more than its share of newsworthy events. It saw the announcement of a New Union in 1964, the installation of a new Principal, and a stormy open meeting which discussed but did not pass a motion to raise fees until a week later. It saw our second triumphant football season in three years, students picketing both the Cuban and the American Consulates and a highly successful Open House. And, in addition to these, it saw the many other events, the important and the inconsequential, the serious and the amusing, the usual and the unexpected, without which this newspaper would not have been necessary.

A BUILDING, A BLITZ, AND A BET

The first week of school opened with the announcement that the architects' plans for a New Union had been approved over the summer, and that the building will be ready in the Fall of 1964. It will rise on the west side of McTavish Street and will have more than three times the floor space of the present structure.

McGill fraternities joined forces with Sir George students in a one-night blitz for the Red Feather Campaign. The canvassers rang doorbells in every area of the city, and added over \$8000 to the drive...

Mayor Jean Drapeau was quick to take up the challenge of Donald MacNeill of Antigonish, Nova Scotia. He bet a gallon of good Quebec maple syrup against a barrel of Nova Scotia apples that the football Redmen would scalp the St. François-Xavier gridders in their annual battle for the Churchill Trophy. Mr. Drapeau's confidence was justified as the X-Men bowed 13-7 in a muddy mêlée at Molson Stadium.

The first week also witnessed Activities Night, wherein students crammed Cro-Magnon House to inspect the various extracurricular activities available... most clubs were well satisfied with the response...

SINK OR SWIM

Four profs met the usual fate as none of them succeeded in convincing the audience at the Professor's Raft that any one faculty was more deserving of survival than the next... the hecklers were in fine voice, and the proceedings were enlivened by a certain "high" member of the Students' Society who leapt onto the stage and covered himself with glory by singlehandedly saving the profs...

Mississippi rioting prompted the *Daily* to print a front-page editorial condemning the segregationists... McGill had its ups and downs at the NFCUS Congress in Sherbrooke... Manon Turbide of McGill became the first woman ever elected NFCUS Vice-President, but we lost out on one of our own ideas — a national NFCUS magazine — when UBC came up with more money to finance the scheme...

Despite methods reminiscent of Paul Revere, the fire drill was generally considered successful... the Arts Building was cleared within six minutes even though hand bells were used in some remote corridors to warn of the "fire"...

Five distinguished gentlemen received honorary degrees at the annual Founder's Day Convocation... they were: Edgar Andrew Collard, Henry F. Hall, W.W.G. MacLachlan, Walter S. Johnson, and Hugh H. Sanderson... Dr. Collard, Editor-in-Chief of a rival publication, delivered the convocation address...

DOUBLE DEFEAT

The Redmen lost their season opener, as usual, 22-11 in London to the Western Mustangs... Eric Walter scored the lone McGill major, his first on the way to the league scoring title...

McGill debaters were out-witted by a pair of brainy Britons from Oxford, whose antics had a normally partisan home-town audience voting on their side...

Our Ivory Tower came crashing down, for two days at least, when McGill was Met by thousands of Montrealers, including busloads of curious high-schoolers, who took in the many exhibits prepared by the various departments... the Mock Trial was a hilarious success, and our wounded ego recovered somewhat as debaters Peter Blaikie and Moses Znaimer downed a Brandeis team on the topic "that US trade with Cuba be extended"...

However, an enthusiastic crowd of about twelve thousand students and alumni saw the Redmen drop their second straight game 19-13 to the U of T's Varsity Blues, and fall to the league cellar with a 0-2 record... meanwhile the Queen's Golden Gaels were riding high in first place...

FACES AND FEET

The *Daily* announced a phenomenal face contest, the results of which appear elsewhere in this issue... the Women's Union staged its Shoeshine day, which

enables males to get their boots buffed and to put a deserving female through college at the same time... students rallied to form the STGTM, dedicated to saving the Gingko Tree from destruction in McGill's proposed expansion plans...

Richard Hyde, Speaker of the Quebec Legislature, visited the campus to defend nationalization... the *Daily* printed a front-page obituary for GRTM the gorilla... his funeral was held at half-time during the football game on Saturday, but his sister IBTA wrecked the ceremony, knocking over sundry bandmen and scaring away the pallbearers... the Redmen didn't seem to mind, though. They regained their winning ways, and massacred the Gaels 38-24... Walter counted four touchdowns...

The Students' Society presented a brief to the Royal Commission on Education, based on the Sociological Survey implemented last year... they recommended that an improved long-term loan program be established, and that the status of the student in society be thoroughly examined.

DEMONSTRATION AND DISCUSSION

The Cuban crisis was reflected in front-page headlines around the world, and the *Daily* was no exception... a five column sweep reported the pro-Cuban demonstrations of about two-hundred students, including members of the CUCND... they picketed the American Consulate... The next day more than five hundred pro-American students demonstrated in front of both the American and the Cuban Consulates...

Meanwhile the McGill Conference on World Affairs presented three eminent speakers on "The New Europe": Professor Seymour Harris of Harvard discussed the European Common Market, Robert Strauss-Hupé of the U of Pennsylvania saw the Atlan-

compiled and composed
for the *Daily*

by

ALAN CHODOS

News Editor

the Alliance as a key to world peace, and Viscount Amory, British High Commissioner to Canada, explained Britain's choice in applying for membership in the EEC.

MCWA officials changed the topic of their Saturday panel discussion from Europe to Cuba, and the four professors provided a lively and informative session.

GRIDDERS AND GORE

The Redmen invaded the hostile confines of Queen's Richardson Stadium, and waffled the Golden Gaels 14-10, thus causing a four-way tie for first (and last) place in the league standings... the all-new bigger and better Blood Drive opened with a one-day special clinic in the Medical Building, and brought in 141 pints...

The aforementioned Jean Drapeau was re-elected mayor in a landslide... but the Provincial campaign was still on and John Turner arrived to open the main Blood Drive Clinic...

Playwright Dan Daniels, Chairman of the Montreal Committee of 100, urged at a meeting of the CUCND that civil disobedience be used to oppose aggressiveness of world powers...

The Blood Drive finished its first three days with 1,780 pints, and Chairman Dave Goldenblatt was characteristically pessimistic... the SEC fined an "exuberant" student for throwing a beer can at a football game... and they began to investigate the possibility of raising fees.

BLOOD AND BALL GAMES

Another Saturday, another football victory, as the Redmen rolled over the Varsity Blues 23-11 in Toronto... Tom Skyeck's arm was a key factor as all TD's were scored through the air...

Blood Drive put away its beds and bottles, needles and nurses for another year, with a total of 3210 pints to its credit... some students felt that the use of a sound truck to persuade people to bleed was out of place... others thought the ends justified the means... the SEC backed the proposal of a charter for Canadian university students in principle... it was reported that the Old Union might house the McCord Museum after 1964...

More politics as Douglas Fisher, New Democrat MP, visited McGill to discuss "Political Opportunism"... At the first of two Presidents' Banquets, Dr. Leon Lortie of the U of M stressed the importance of continuing one's education after graduation from University...

The Redmen avenged their previous defeat by

downing the Western Mustangs 9-8 in a mud bath that saw little passing... Eric Walter nosed out Western's Brian Conacher for the scoring championship as he scored the Redmen TD.

HANLEY HARANGUES

Lovable Frank Hanley invaded the Union two days before the provincial election and the students reacted in their usual exuberant manner... he blasted the Liberals and accused them of goon squad tactics... hecklers threw toilet paper, rang cowbells, jeered and whistled... It didn't seem to bother Frank...

Our invincible debating duo Irwin Colter and Gordon Echenberg came through to defeat a British team... they defeated the resolution "that membership in a trade union as a condition of employment should be illegal".

The Liberals took the Provincial elections handily but were unable to unseat Frank Hanley in St. Ann's... Lawrence Leger was named producer of the Red & White Revue... McGillians readied to invade Kingston for the third championship playoff game in as many years... a telegram of support with gobs and gobs of names appended was sent to the team and printed in part in the *Daily*.

FANTASTIC FINISH

The football season came to a heartstopping climax in the last two minutes of the playoff game when the Redmen used the aerial route to march 104 yards in five plays for a touchdown, thus upsetting the Gaels 15-13. The McGill contingent at the game went mad... they even forgot to throw their toilet paper...

An open meeting was announced to consider an increase in fees of \$10 per capita... the New Union was cited as the major new expense... thieves smashed the showcase in the PSC and removed thirty-three diamonds that had been donated by diamond-king J. T. Williamson... they have not as yet been recovered...

Dr. H. Locke Robertson was named by the Board of Governors to succeed F. Cyril James as Principal and Vice-Chancellor. Dr. Robertson was Surgeon-in-Chief at the Montreal General Hospital, and Professor of Surgery and Chairman of that Department at McGill. His appointment marks the first time a Canadian or a McGill graduate has held the office of Principal.

A Cornell debating team defeated McGillians Jack Brandes and Nick Russell by proving that God was on their side... Asia Week and Treasure Van arrived simultaneously on campus.

STORMY SESSION

The open meeting proved interesting but inconclusive... Richard Kaiser spent half an hour outlining the reasons for the fee increase... a science student demanded equal time to reply and didn't get it... a motion that the motion be tabled was defeated... but enough students to destroy the quorum walked out just before a vote on the motion was to be taken... so another meeting was called for the following Monday. Some thought Students' Society President Echenberg was too lenient in chairing the meeting... others said he was too dictatorial and tried to force the motion through... almost no one was actually opposed to the motion itself, at least in principle.

Dr. James opened Treasure Van and Asia Week... Dr. E. J. Stansbury was named to replace Dr. Solin as Assistant Dean of Arts and Science... Occupants of the new Men's Residences complained that a lack of soundproofing made studying impossible.

SEC SELECTION

Those students who cared enough to vote elected their SEC representatives for the coming term... eight SEC reps were elected, and four had previously been acclaimed... six WU reps were also chosen... the men in residence organized their complaints in a formal petition and declared their intention bringing the matter up at the forthcoming open meeting...

Asia Week and Treasure Van folded their tent and moved on... the Van collected \$6400... Asia Week featured a speech by India's High Commissioner to Canada, C. S. Jha, a panel discussing Communism in Asia, exhibitions and dinners sponsored by the various national clubs, a variety show and a fashion show, a games night devoted to charity, and a dance...

The second open meeting proved more docile than the first, and both the fees increase and the residences' motion were passed... the Christmas Basket Campaign began its annual appeal...

And so the first term drifted to a close. We will start the new year with a new Principal, a new SEC, and the prospect of new Union. But in the meantime, school's out for three weeks and we wish a very happy holiday season to all.

Dr. Francis Chinard Named Professor

Dr. Francis Pierre Chinard has been appointed McGill's new Professor of Experimental Medicine. The professor, who received his A.B. degree from the University of California in 1937, also becomes the Deputy Director of the University Clinic at Montreal General Hospital.

A native of Berkeley, California, and educated there and in Baltimore, Maryland, Professor Chinard is married and has three children.

Dr. Chinard received his M.D. in 1941 from Johns Hopkins University where his father, Gilbert Chinard was a distinguished Professor of French and Comparative Government. Following this, Professor Chinard studied and practiced at the Presbyterian Hospital and at New York's Rockefeller Institute.

Medical Corps

From 1942 to 1945 Dr. Chinard served in the United States Medical Corps, attaining the rank of Major. He also served with the Air Force Medical Establishment as Aviation Physiologist and Director of the 41st. Altitude Training Unit, later becoming Director of Physiology. Appointed Markle Scholar in 1949, Dr. Chinard joined Johns Hopkins Medical School, where by 1956 he had risen to Associate Professor.

Since 1953 Director of the Clinical Chemistry and Isotope Laboratory

at Baltimore City Hospitals, he was last April appointed from Acting Chief to full Chief of Medicine. Dr. Chinard, the author of some 70 research publications, is particularly well known for his studies of the healthy and diseased kidney. His recent work centers around the functioning of the lungs.

Dalfen And Hall Propose Weekly A & S Meetings

Chuck Dalfen and Ingrid Hall, Arts and Science representatives on the SEC, in an attempt to bring the SEC into better communication with the student body will hold a meeting in the Cue Room of the Union every Friday at 1 pm, beginning January 1.

The purpose of the meetings are to allow Arts and Science undergraduate students to give their opinions and offer suggestions as to how they want the student government to be run.

At this time, the representatives will also report SEC decisions and plans, and state their stand on current issues.

Communication
Miss Hall and Dalfen explained

BAHA'I

When a religion is opposed to science, it becomes mere superstition. There can be no contradiction.

FOR TRUTH IS ONE

Cue Ball Bouncers Strike Hard; Daily Attempts Poolathon Record

In keeping with the long tradition set last year by the establishment of a short-lived monopoly-playing record (100 hours), staffers of the McGill Daily will this year attempt another magnum coup.

They will play pool for a minimum of a century of hours; yes, believe it or not, 100 continuous hours of the game made famous by Willie Masconi, Minnesota Fats, and Sam Pool.

The game(s) will take place in the office of the Daily in the basement of Cro-Magnon House (the Union) beginning at 12 noon on Friday. No pool tables there, you say? Heh, heh! Brunswick of Canada, manufacturers of recreation equipment ranging from bowling balls to automatic pinsetters to pool

tables have agreed to provide the equipment necessary to further the magnum reputation enjoyed by McGill among academic institutions the world over.

Philanthropic

Furthermore, philanthropic to the core, the Daily will require all its players to contribute one dollar to be set aside for the Combined Charities campaign due to get underway in January. Spectators will also be asked to contribute.

So, may you be unwilling to refrain from spectating at a show that will go down in history as one of the greatest since Nero caught his finger in the rosin pot and dropped the match. May you not fail to cheer on the team that will accumulate greater glories than Samson when he picked up the bone and played a ragtime tune on the Philistines' Physiognomies. Remember: we will never scratch out of fear, but we will never fear to scratch.

Carpet Flies Again; International House To Receive Profits

The Flying Carpet returns to McGill, piloted by a veteran of two years ago, Ian Harris. It will circle over the campus and touch down for a three-day show, beginning on January 25.

And so McGill's International Review, the Flying Carpet, is with us again. For the ninth successive season, the International House Committee, this year headed by Frank Shookey, will present an international variety show. This year, they feel, it will be the best ever. Acts from all over the world will assemble for the occasion.

All the proceeds from this show go towards the building of an International House for the benefit of all students of McGill.

ASUS Photo Contest Finished; Joseph Roberts' Entry Wins

First prize winner in the ASUS photo contest was Joseph Roberts, whose picture was chosen from among 300 entries ranging from simple snapshots to mounted, professional portraits.

The second and third prize winners were, respectively, Ralph Bergman and Peter Nwafor. The prizes awarded were gift certificates for photography equipment, ranging from \$50 for first through \$25 for second to \$10 for third.

The judging panel, consisting of Professors Bland of Architecture and Jodkins of Fine Arts and Norman Slater said that they judged the entries on aesthetic value, but that they also gave consideration to those who took the trouble to mount their pictures on a suitable background to bring out their finer points.

Backgrounds
Conversely, they pointed out that

in many cases, good photographs were disregarded because they were mounted on backgrounds which distracted from them rather than adding.

At present, the winning entries and the honourable mentions are on exhibit in the smoking room of Redpath Library where they will remain until this Friday. Pictures not on display may be picked up today, tomorrow, and Friday from 12-2 pm at the Tuck Shop.

Special Convocation

The University will hold a Special Convocation on Tuesday, December 18, 1962, at 4 pm in the Arthur Currie Memorial Gymnasium in order to confer the Honourary Degree of Doctor of Laws on Dr. James.

WATERFRONT COUNSELLOR

Camp Ma-Ka-Bee, Co-Ed Children's camp, near St. Agathe has opening for a Red Cross Swim Instructor for 1963 Season. Good Pay. A few positions are also available for Bunk Counsellors.

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SCOPE STUDENTS ART EXHIBIT

SELECTION AND JURY COMMITTEE: John Fox, Morton Rosengarten, Mme. M. Godard.

ENTRY CATEGORIES: Painting; Sculpture; Drawing; Other Media.

PRIZES: First prize: \$25.00, Second Prize: \$10.00
Students' Society will purchase prize winning works if they are for sale.

DATES: Final day for submission of application forms: January 8
Final day for submission of works: January 10
Duration of exhibit: January 12 - January 26

PLACES: Pick up and return application forms to John at the Tuck Shop. Submit works to guard at rear entrance to Redpath library on McTavish St.

REQUIREMENTS: no more than eight works per artist may be submitted

no work may have been previously exhibited anywhere
all work must have been completed within last two years
all canvases must be framed

all canvases must have wire and eyelets on back for hanging
water colours, drawings, etc. may be framed (preferably) or enclosed in a mat.

all sculpture must have its own base or means of support
the exhibit is open to all registered day time students at McGill.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CALL:

Pierre Coupey at HU. 6-5462

or Arnie Gelbart at CR. 2-4769

Students Bid Farewell

(Continued from page 3)

"energy and capacity far beyond the rest of us."

A Principal is expected to do so many things extraordinarily well, said Merrifield, he must speak, teach, write, administrate, and above all, raise money. He must also get on with an enormous number of people. He continued: "Dr. James carried out his duties in a superbly competent manner" and ended by thanking him sincerely and wishing him and Mrs. James "many more years of outstanding achievement."

Monroe

Representing the Forties, ex Students' Society President Bill Monroe remembered Dr. James principally in connection with the war. He referred to the "Khaki campus trimmed with grey," a description of McGill printed in the *Daily* at that time, also called an "embattled (embattled?) outpost of Canada's war effort."

Monroe brought to attention the fact that the Principal, in addition to his University duties, also held vital posts of national significance, serving as Chairman of the Federal Committee on Reconstruction. He praised Dr. James' strength, vitality, courage and vision, and went on to mention some of McGill's activities in the war effort.

Dr. James was the father-figure of these years, stated Monroe; he managed to keep order despite conflicting loyalties of McGillians to their studies and to their country. He concluded by acknowledging the tremendous service which Dr. James rendered, not only to the University, but also to his country in time of war.

Gameroff

For the Fifties, Marv Gameroff (President 1954-55) listed what he considered Dr. James' outstanding characteristics. These were: his fantastic friendliness, based on a complete lack of prejudice and a genuine warmth; his genuine interest in students and student life—he was an astute student politician, and it was said that if Kennedy and Castro had been at McGill during his office, one would have been Chairman of the SEC and the other President of the Union—and his great respect for the students in all aspects of student life. McGill students have enjoyed more autonomy than those of any other university in North America, said Gameroff, and he hoped that this tradition would continue.

He stated that in his mind the name of the Principal and that of James McGill had been confused for some time, and that the idea of "F. Cyril James McGill" which he had had was now a concrete fact, representing an era of twenty-three years.

A message from Stuart Smith (President 1960-61) was read, in which he regretted his inability to attend the banquet, and wished Dr. and Mrs. James all the best for the future.

Sonny Gordon, Chairman of Open House, thanked Dr. James for all his co-operation.

Echenberg, after commenting that the number of Guinea Pigs at McGill has now risen to about 9,000, stated that the greatest tribute paid to Dr. James is the fact that the students refer to his years at McGill as an Era. He said that it is usual for an era to begin with an outstanding event and end with one, but it is very unusual for it to begin with one person and end with that person's retirement; on behalf of twenty-three years of Presidents and students, he thanked the "James Era".

Anecdotes

After several anecdotes from other past Presidents, in which Dr. James' versatility and courage were praised, the leaders of various campus organizations presented him with farewell gifts.

Myer Shimelman announced that Marv Gameroff had donated a trophy to the Debating Union's High School Tournament in the name of F. Cyril James, to be competed for annually, and gave the retiring Principal the Debating Union's gift of a gavel.

Roz Saginur, President of the Women's Union, presented Dr. James with an engraved letter-opener, and Winston Wong unveiled a framed photograph of him in his academic gown, the present from the Annual. An enormous bouquet of red roses was received by Mrs. James as a tribute from the Students' Society, and a Gold Students' Society Award by Dr. James. The Gold Award is, traditionally a silver beer-mug, but in this case a special gold one was made.

In his reply, Dr. James said that it was not easy to make a speech after hearing so many pleasant and flattering things about himself, and declared that he would treasure all the gifts, not as individual tokens, but to recall the fact that "you have been willing to treat me as one of yourselves, allowing me to participate and giving me your friendship."

He stated that for him the most

Ecumenical Festival To Present Carols, Nine Oral Lessons

An Ecumenical Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols will be held on Sunday, December 16 at 8 pm in Redpath Hall. Music by Bach, and Sheit, as well as traditional Advent and Christmas Carols will be performed.

The program is jointly sponsored by the Faculty of Divinity and the Student Chaplancies of Canterbury, Lutheran Student Association and Newman Club together with the Student Christian Movement and the Presbyterian Church.

Music will be under the direction of Donald MacKay and will include the Conservatorium Choir. The new organ in Redpath Hall will be used together with a smaller instrument loaned for the program by Otto Joachim. Jan Lyman will assist at this instrument. The service is similar to that performed annually at King's College, Cambridge.

Lesson will be read by members of the University, including both staff and students. Principal H. Locke, Robertson will be one of the readers.

The service is open to all members of the university community.

significant thing during his twenty-three years as Principal was the experience of the veteran students who invaded McGill after the war. In January 1945 the University was prepared for 4,000 veterans, and received 16,000. As Dr. James was determined that no veteran should be turned away, make-shift arrangements were made (the buildings were referred to as Lower Slobbovia), and somehow work continued.

Dr. James said that he will always remember the magnificent teamwork which made this effort possible, and pointed out that no project in a democratic world can make headway unless it is supported by such teamwork.

The banquet concluded with three hearty cheers for Dr. James.

ASUS To Sponsor Dance Party Friday

The ASUS will once again present their annual TGIC afternoon Dance Party this Friday in the Union Ballroom from 2-6 pm.

Paul Echenberg, Publicity Chairman, said that they are taking into consideration last year's magnificent turnout in their plans and preparations are being made to accommodate the crowds, no matter what the number. There will be no other parties on campus to close the first term and this dance will, in the words of Echenberg, "be the ideal way to start the holidays off with a bang."

Final Bash

This final bash is going to be a stag affair, with admittance at 25¢ per head. The music of the

Hounds will permeate the Ballroom continuously and "refreshments" will be available to all.

For those who want to take a break from their "hours of studying", the ASUS says that there will be no better place than the Union. Special invitations have been sent to the fraternities and the sororities and is extended to all the students on campus. There will be no better time to relax and have your first taste of Christmas cheer.

See page 18 for an explanation of TGIC.

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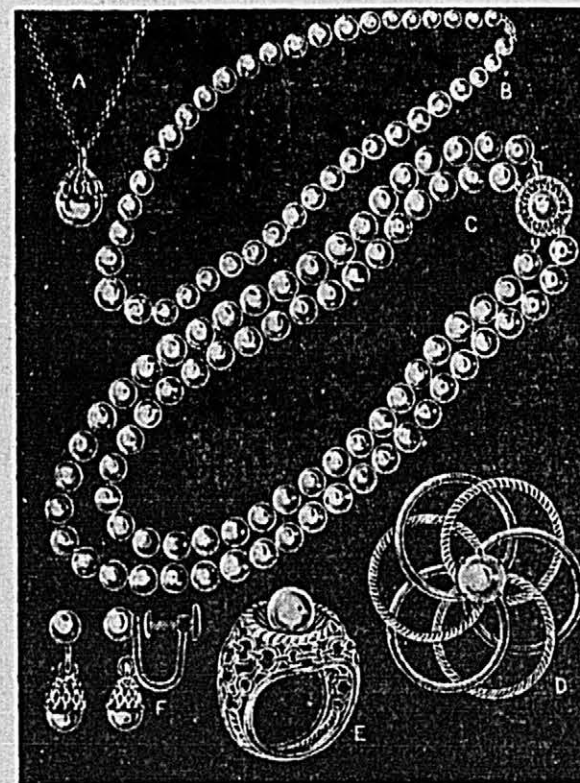
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James Submits Last Annual Report

Capital gifts, grants, and bequests to the University totalled \$18,124,835 during the fiscal year ended May 31, 1962, according to the Annual Report recently released by Dr. F. Cyril James, retiring principal and vice-chancellor. The report, the last to be submitted by Dr. James, also told that enrolment for the academic year 1961-1962 was 9562 fulltime students.

Dr. James began his report by quoting the opening paragraphs of the Report by Principal William Dawson given in 1862, at which time enrolment was 318 students. Commenting on the appropriateness of beginning this year's report with quotations from a report exactly a century old, the retiring Principal said that "the growth (of McGill) was, in Dawson's time, more courageous than anything we have done since. Today we are simply following the pattern in the minds of the Board of Governors at that time."

Out of the more than 9,500 students enrolled at the university in 1961-1962, a mere 3,340 were women. Slightly over 7,000 students were from the province

of Quebec, while 1,034 came from other parts of Canada, and 1,471 students from countries other than Canada attended the University. The greatest increase in enrolment has occurred in the Faculty of Arts and Science, while there has been a decline in the number of students seeking admission to the Faculty of Engineering.

23rd Report

In releasing this report, his 23rd and final one, Dr. James said that enrolment cannot go much higher until the building program now underway is completed. He added that enrolment had not been expected to reach the 9,500 mark until 1965, but by exceeding this target four years early, serious congestion has resulted during the past session. "Unfortunately, however, the fact that the present buildings are now being used to their maximum capacity makes it inevitable that the University must restrict admissions until additional buildings become available."

He added "McGill must complete the buildings on which construction is scheduled to commence before March 31, 1963, in order to provide proper educational facilities in the upper years of their course for students who are now enrolled as freshmen." Of interest to all students on the campus now is that the New University Centre falls into this category of future projects.

The retiring principal went on to say in his report that while new buildings and additional equipment are essential to the development of the University, the most urgent problem confronting McGill at present is to attract to its teaching staff and subsequently retain scholars and scientists. "It will continue to be a serious problem for many years to come in view of the fact that the supply of eligible candidates is smaller than the combined demands of

by

PAUL BANNERMAN

University Reporter

education, government, and business enterprise for men and women with these qualifications."

Raise Salaries

Dr. James went on to say that the Board of Governors decision, in determining the 1961-62 budget, to raise the level of salaries, has stepped to meet this challenge. Canada will need some 25,000 university teachers in 1970-71 if it is to provide educational opportunities for the 311,600 students who are expected to be in attendance at college by that time. As the teaching staff of all universities in Canada is less than 10,000 at the present time, it is obvious that the task of training these teachers in graduate schools must be undertaken immediately. McGill has one of the two oldest graduate schools in the country (Toronto has the other),

and as it takes many years of effort to build up an outstanding graduate faculty, McGill has a special responsibility for the training of the men and women who will be the university teachers of the future.

Dr. James pointed out in his report that operating revenues of the University reached an all-time high during the 1961-62 session of \$22,578,870. This figure alone reflects the growth that McGill has undergone in the 'James Era', as the comparable figure for the 1938-39 session when Dr. James arrived was \$2,347,958. For the past session expenditures slightly exceeded revenues, to cause an operating deficit of \$14,123.

The retiring Principal reported that grants from the Government of Quebec have increased substantially during the past few years, and "every member of the McGill family is appreciative of this revolutionary change in governmental policy which has so greatly strengthened the University." He also acknowledged the generous assistance provided by friends of the University, including individuals, corporations, learned foundations, and other bodies.

Because this will be the last report submitted by Dr. James, he admitted there was a "nostalgic tendency to reminisce". However, he felt the annual report was not the place for such reminiscences, and instead extended his thanks to all those who have worked to make the University what it is today.

Besides the Principal's Report, the Annual Report also listed scholarships, fellowships, and diplomas awarded, and degrees granted for the 1961-62 session. Also appointments and promotions of staff members were listed, and publications of staff members and theses by post-graduate students were reported. In addition, reports of the various faculties were given by their respective Deans.

Student Increase

Dean F. Kenneth Hare reported on Arts and Science stating that the great increase in student numbers continues to be largely due to this faculty. He noted that an increasing

percentage of students have voluntarily entered the honours curriculum. In the 1961-62 session, 29% of all students in Arts and Science were registered in honours courses.

Dean Hare reported that while "a considerable part of our time, and still more of our space, is devoted to research and advanced studies", this does not mean that the undergraduate is neglected. Rather, he and his colleagues feel that teaching is best done by those who are actively engaged in "intellectual exploration", and that students listen with closer attention to the teacher sharing in scientific or intellectual discovery.

Dean D. L. Mordell of the Faculty of Engineering, in his report, mentioned The High Altitude Research Project, which will provide opportunities for McGill's engineers and scientists to extend their research to the very frontiers of space. He stated that considerable changes in the undergraduate courses have been made, and reiterated that the Faculty is more interested in encouraging and developing engineering talent than training "technologists." Dean Mordell also pointed out that, as at most other universities, the number of students choosing engineering at McGill is still falling off, and that total enrolment for the 1961-62 session fell to 1,360 engineers and architects.

"The responsibility of the University for research must be recognized," said Dean Lloyd G. Stevenson, in his report on the Faculty of Medicine. He went on to say that "the fear that research costs, direct or indirect, may eat into the funds provided for teaching must be counterbalanced by some apprehension that teaching funds will not be spent to the best advantage unless all forms of research display a healthy growth in all departments." Dr. Stevenson also said that while the Medical School obtained increased sums for research from Ottawa, and from various sources in the United States, the Faculty was still unable to carry out research in several fields due to lack of funds.

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THEY'RE SO

GOOD TASTING

First Prize, Prose

Crossways And The Gathering

by Leonard Angel

The stones rose, ochre and marble white, above the brown earth of the cemetery; a tight wind sniffed at the cold ground, scattering here and there some dead leaves in a mild flurry; and above it all, without the slightest trace of brightness, a vast hoary cloud hung grimly over the dull earth it complemented. Everywhere the stuffy air seemed suspended as if in pain, quietly, but with sudden writhings, like the twitches in the small limbs of dying animals.

One could not help reading to oneself: Ida Vlotick, beloved wife of Solomon, 1904-1957; Mordecai, cherished son of Gerald & Leah Tannenbaum, 1930-1954... And the sighs all melted into the bitterness of the irritating breeze. Everything,

everything contributed to the growing feeling of vagueness and restlessness, the mental counterpart of nausea.

Mr. Shveig walked easily, with a kind of massiveness, and now his large coat scooped the air up gracefully behind him. There existed something solid in his bearing, something that begrudged one of fully understanding him, and why he said the things he said and did the things he did. One felt that his coarse peasant face hid something. And he was a handsome man, too, still with a fierce clump of fine black hair at forty-five. In conversation, sometimes, his eyes could eat you away; when he was quieter and more thoughtful, they were calm, as if in repose. And this was a time for

his eyes to rest, his mind being occupied with the memories of his father, June 1892 - February 1961.

He was with his two sons, Dan and Baruch, and his wife, Fruma, walking up the East path.

Finally he said, "Dan, see this crosspath, remember it, because you'll have to come back to it."

"Hmmm?"
"You'll direct whoever's coming to grandpa's stone. See, there's this path that we're walking on, there was that path — there — the cross-path. Now there are two other main paths besides this one, the middle one and the one from the Western gate — understand?"

"Uh-huh." Dan wasn't really listening.

"And besides there are two more cross-paths."

"Oh — you mean like up there?" Baruch pointed to the perpendicular path they were approaching.

And the three proceeded to the distant end of the road.

Behind them, Mrs. Shveig, now wishing away the autumn chill, glanced at the hardened path. The monotony of walking wearied her. She closed her eyes, but was no more satisfied by the darkness of rest than by the darkness around her — not that it was really dark, but it seemed dark. A smallish woman, she was rather unpleasant. Sometimes she even found herself quite boring, and she would try, as she was trying now, not to think of anything. But it didn't work. And that vision every morning in the mirror proved most disillusioning, though few illusions were left her. So she was always hurt a little when serving breakfast to her family and there remained within her that gnawing feeling of age and aging till sometimes mid-morning when everything would be forgotten in the paper's social section. But there she was again that morning, feeling hurt a bit, ashamed a bit, and most of all, wearied. Now she was thinking of her late father-in-law, now of her husband, now of his business, now of the PTA.

But she was lagging, trailing behind. She quickened her steps, somewhat reluctantly, like a late but negligent school-boy till she caught up with the rest of her family. She gazed, at this point thoroughly bored, at those empty fields at the end of the path. How empty, she thought, without gravestones, with nothing except a few grotesque oaks. And that peculiar pre-thunderstorm heaviness was on the air. There was no sound except for that of children who were playing behind some unfenced buildings quite a way to the right.

When they reached the third crosspath, the last, they made a quick turn to the left, and Mr. Shveig said after a good while of silence:

"Shevath Achim's a way down yet."

"How come so far? It must be the last outpost of the cemetery."

On the left you could see a few gold entrance-monuments,

and through their arches several rows of graves in each case. There was an unveiling taking place farther down in the Shaare Zion section, but the cantor's voice didn't carry all the way to where they were.

"Nearly twenty to ten."

"I think my father's stone's over there." He vaguely indicated a pair of gravestones in the distance.

"My gosh — all the way down?"

The two boys were walking well ahead of their parents by now, but they said nothing to each other. Baruch was looking around a little inquisitively; Dan seemed engaged in a mental gymnastic.

Finally, "Danny, what treaty did Napoleon conclude after Waterloo?"

"None, stupid."

Mr. Shveig for the first time that morning looked disturbed about something. His large body now moved clumsily, uneasily, and the chilly wind moistened his eyes, so that his sight was somewhat clouded. But his cheeks were reddening.

"Boys, come back here," he said, and his wrinkles drew together.

"Hmmm?"

"Look — what time is it? — It's... a quarter to ten about. You go back to the first crossroad — remember?"

"Yes, yes, go ahead."

"When you see somebody — no — well, you go down to the West path and you tell anybody you know that you can't come up here by any path except the East one, so you've got to go down to the East path and walk up."

"Are you sure?"

"That wouldn't have been good planning." This the older one put in.

"Enough boys, listen to your father."

"Like that and like that, eh?" Baruch pointed East, then down towards the gate.

"And then that way." Mr. Shveig pointed West.

So the boys set off, talking to each other, their relaxed conversation bubbling in the air's stiffness. Behind them was the tall figure of their father now looking in their direction. And though their backs were turned, he could still hear them speaking. He imagined, not at all conscious of himself, that he was one of them, and that the big cold figure, the late Abraham Shveig, dealer in scrap metal. But no — what nonsense!

"Let's hurry, Alex, so we'll be waiting for your family — and stop standing there like a —" She caught herself. "As if you were as frozen as Lot." She knew that sounded ridiculous, but her husband didn't notice it.

"Yes, yes... of course, Lot, hmmm?"

"Alex —" She was exasperated; her father was still alive.

They began towards the grave. Mr. Shveig was looking ahead of him; his wife was watching the rolling pebbles at her feet, and noticing how they bounced until they finally settled together in a small cluster.

"Funny, isn't it, the rolling pebbles?"

"What is it with you today?"

Here in the open part, there was a least more of a feeling of freedom. But being more natural, it was more awesome, and more representative of death. And those two maples near the veiled stone seemed to breathe. You could feel their roots transforming the dead elements. The trees impressed with their brown bark and vivid starkness.

Meanwhile the two boys were coming down to the first crosspath.

"Ridiculous as usual, I don't see why." (Continued on page 9)

First Prize, Poetry

The Mystery

by Dave Solway

The mystery of time and change assails me night and day and with every wind that waltzes with red leaves to the music of a troubled mind; with flowing rivers swivelling pregnant hips at gray-green banks; catching the eye of an aging Greek; or here in a small shuttered room the fluid drive of death carrying all before it: tables, chairs, and a shrivelled man who once had laughed and slept with women.

And there was one who thought the earth a sepulchre receiving kings and beggars, crowns and ragged sandals with equanimity, with equal welcome, quietly; another felt the bloodless pulse of all eternity and slit his wrists drowning the incessant whisper of his watch. O none but God and those who grapple with the past can know the awful fusion of the ended dream with day, the clear eyes of illusion, and the fierce sanity of madness.

And is not death the incomprehensible fiction, and life the friction of what was and is? Time is not a map that one can put one's finger on and cry, here! this is the moment of emotion, this is the end of motion and of thought, and here, here am I. But I am only a shot of human music straining on the leash of a living instrument, while the sun's corpse, clicking like a huge clock, makes a paraphrase of night.

Or could it be the soul is made of flesh, and flesh wrought in the irresistible alchemy of love and death; and is not the body a crucible of passion, and the soul, that beautiful disaster which is life? I know Eternity is Lady Time dressed in her nakedness; I know the silent myth that every lover knows and tells, and I know belief is fashioned in the heated forge of every human will, and that love is a temporal truth turned into an eternal lie.

And I know that God is no longer an important problem; the problem is to feel what changes and what stays, and to know what stays stays only in the ways of change. There is only one certainty and that is death, and to hate it is to be wise, to love it is to be young. But youth defers to age and age to death and death to youth: the unthinking circuit of my clock refers to no center and to mute its metal voice is no solution.

— II —

Human words were made for questions, not for answers. It is best to join the ring of celebrants, to link fingers with the wind and the leaves, the ring of dancers weaving the pattern of existence, and not to think, not to probe the strange psychology of death. It is best to love the pregnant rivers and the streams that are born of them, and to touch the scented breath of the fading lilac, the fading purple of our human dreams.

M'GILL DAILY

Literary Contest Results

Prose Section:

FIRST:

"Crossways and the Gathering" by Leonard Angel

SECOND:

"Dear Sir" by Lawrence Wasser

THIRD:

"The Letter" by Marvin Rabinovitch

HONORABLE MENTION:

"In the Beginning" by C. Diana Garcia

Poetry Section:

FIRST:

"The Mystery" by Dave Solway

SECOND:

"Aporia" by Carol Freeman

THIRD:

"Dawn" by Michael Malus

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Third Prize, Prose

The Letter

by Marvin Rabinovitch

Every day for two months that summer Harry awoke at ten sharp and went down to see if the mailman had been. His mother was never home before evening and he had the house all to himself, so he never bothered putting his clothes on but stood looking out the curtained pane of the front door in singlet and jockey shorts. Each time he got up he would tell himself, "Today, it has to be today."

But it never was.

For two months he kept this up. Once he overslept and woke up at eleven. He did this deliberately. The night before he had thought, "Give it a chance, a watched pot will never boil. Leave it alone and it'll come in its own good time."

Exactly at eleven he rushed to the door. There was nothing. He bit his lip and stared out at the street through the parted window curtains. Just beyond the door he could see the bright July morning cast yellow streamers of sunlight through the railing of the front porch. Across the road old Mr. Skulnik was raking his lawn, attacking the weeds with great energy. He was a likeable old man, burly and brown from a strenuous outdoor

life. He was perspiring furiously in the naked heat of the sun. Every so often he slowed down and mopped his forehead with a piece of kleenex. Then he would look up at the sun and smile with closed eyes. He was a likeable old man. But Harry had no time for him now.

Perhaps there was a new postman on the route and confused, he thought. Perhaps the letter had been mislaid, lost, tampered with, destroyed. Any number of possibilities suggested themselves to his mind. He ran back to his room and put on pants and a shirt in a great hurry. Then he went outside on the porch in his bare feet and looked up and down the block. But it was useless. He was just about to go back into the house when old Skulnik shouted to him from across the street.

"Hey!" said the old man, "Beautiful day!"

"Hot," Harry shouted back, "too damn hot!"

"Great for swimming though. I was a pretty good swimmer as a young man," the old man said, crossing the road. "Bet you'd never have guessed it." He chuckled self-indulgently and leaned on his hoe.

"I believe you," said Harry.

"Going swimming today?" the old man asked.

"No."

"Well, maybe it is a bit too hot," he said agreeably. "Best

thing, sling the old hammock in the back yard, listen to the ball game with a nice cold bottle of beer."

"I can't swim," Harry continued. "I don't know how."

"It's easy," said the old man. "Nothing to it. Maybe one of these days I'll teach you."

"I think it's too late for that."

"Never too late for anything!" the old man asserted seriously, almost didactically. "Remind me next week, we'll go down to Coney. That's where I used to take my two boys. Had my own locker and everything."

Harry thanked him. He liked this old man who was lonely because his sons had gone off and left him in his old age. One was a surveyor somewhere in South America. The other, the younger, had been killed in Europe in the first wave toward the beach-head at Anzio.

But the old man kept cheerful by working in his garden and being busy and reading the letters he received weekly from his only remaining son who was a surveyor of land in a country many miles away. Harry never passed the old man without a word about his son. He was, as his father never tired of repeating, a great boy. A good student, a hard worker, an all-around athlete. "Just like me when I was his age," the old man would muse, "a real snappy dresser and hell with the women."

"Get any letters yet this

(Continued on page 12)

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Second Prize, Prose

Dear Sir

by Lawrence Wasser

Howard Q. Ponchard pulled his chair sharply to his desk and began to write his weekly letter to the editor. For the last several years he had been regularly composing these letters. He had found that it gave him a great deal of satisfaction to map out his thoughts in an orderly fashion with, perhaps, an ironic or sinister twist at the end. Occasionally one was published, and, if the newspaper or magazine was a popular one, he would achieve a minor notoriety at the office for a few days. Actually, he did not write these letters for any attention he might get at the office; in fact, the half-smiling way they would mention having seen his name gave Howard many a painful moment. He knew very well most people considered him a pompous fool to think that he could influence a court decision or some national crisis. He even realized that his own ideas were usually nothing extraordinary, but he felt, and with good reason, that his letters were cogent, urbane, and even occasionally witty. It pleased him to compose them.

Howard sat in his comfortable chair with his pen in his hand and gazed out the window. A green fuzziness hung about the black boughs of the trees, and the street below was damp. He loved this view. It had been early springtime like this years ago when he took this flat, not in a new building nor a shabby old one but in a solid, peaceful building with good plumbing and tight door jams.

He contemplated the point of his pen poised above the white expanse of paper and his cut crystal ink well, and he felt a tingling in his forearm. The black ink in the clear crystal was dark and mysterious to him like a tidal pool under a cloak of seaweed; the fluid was a latent power, toxic yet medicinal. And the paper lay dry and white as an endless plain before him. Howard rejoiced in the power of his pen which only must spread the ink in such

a way as to cause words to be left on the page. These words were in his mind like individual beings waiting to race out on this endless plain and prison. He wondered whether the words ran on to the paper to be free in a wide flat-land of their own or whether like hungry sick animals tired of running they let themselves be caught. Perhaps, lines of words reside between the invisible bars of a cage, he thought. They are content to be trapped; whether they are to be slaughtered or kept warm and cared for, it least they know their weariness is over.

The tree boughs began to swing softly in the wind, and in the distance a muffled church-bell sounded as if blanketed in the heavy air. The stillness of the room seemed to creep into his body so that he had to make an effort to move his arm. He touched his pen to paper and wrote in a scrupulous hand two words, *Dear Sir*. He paused. The words stared boldly back at him; he tried to think of something at that moment, anything to say, to begin, to cancel out with meaning those two words staring meaningless and lonely from the page. He placed his pen below the *r* in *dear*, pressed it down sharply, and made a large ugly *Q*. His hand reached out like a crab. He crumpled the paper flexing his fingers wildly; then he looked at his ink stained fingertips dumbly. The words *Dear Sir* still burned on the retinas of his eyes. Howard realized that his whole body was held rigid.

He told himself to relax, and consciously, limb by limb, he made his body grow limp. It is a beautiful spring day, he said to himself; the tendrils of the crocus are stirring in the earth. The earth is fermenting in the warmth; the air pulsates with life. It is damp; it is windy; it is warm again. He thought about those two words once more, this time relaxed and rational. The words no longer

frightened him; rather, he was curious and excited.

Dear Sir is a nonsensical form of address. My letter is probably opened by a woman secretary, and whoever receives it most certainly is not dear to me. I haven't even met the person. If I did meet whoever it is I wonder what he'd think of me. I wonder how my letters are treated. They probably say, "Here's another bomb from old Howard Q., shall we run it?" "Yeah, he's good for a laugh." Why do I write them anyway? There must be a logical reason.

On impulse, he snatched up the crumpled sheet and spread it out before him. The blurred ink seemed to vibrate on the paper like a dissonant chord. It oscillated before him; he tried to focus on it but couldn't. He felt a pulsating pressure behind his eyes and looked away, out the window. A little girl was scrambling after a pink rubber-ball on the sidewalk. He watched her run along, playing, afraid to let it get away, but not wanting to catch it either. A tightness entered his throat; he saw the green fuzziness around the trees and the stretched whiteness of the sky behind them, and his eyes filled with tears. He rested his head on the desk, and they scalded his arms.

Second Prize, Poetry

APORIA

by Carol Freeman

"...iam lamque manu tenet..."
Vergil, Aeneid II, 526

I had it in my hand
I almost caught it
but it left me
again.

Each time I lose
this dream-like fulfillment
I lose
part of myself as well
never again to return.

Each time more melancholy
more wretched than the last

deeper and deeper.

despair...

I cannot bear it but
I cannot give up trying

if only I might say with Faith
that "Credo quia absurdum"
DEUS! UTINAM CREDEREM IN TE

or,

let me have some other love instead...

chaque fois que mon coeur
est arraché de mon corps
il emporte avec lui

une partie de mon âme

à jamais...

never to return.

*This is a term used by Aristotle to describe
a situation which appears to have no way out.

Honorable Mention, Prose

In The Beginning

by C. Diana Garcia

Full moon. Dark sea beating softly. Two figures in the moonlight. A pair of small hands sifting sand thoughtfully.

—Where did the moon come from?

—From the earth. It was torn away from where the Pacific Ocean is now.

Dark eyes staring, big and round in the light.

—The moon came from the Ocean?

—Well, it wasn't the ocean then. There were no oceans. The earth was one big ball of fire. And there was no air to breathe in then.

—No air? How did the plants live?

—There were no plants. Nothing that lived existed. Everything was dead, like a rock.

Eyes staring wider. Small mouth half open in amazement.

—Nothing? Nothing at all?

—Nothing.

—Not even a little ant?

Subdued laughter. Clear eyes (twinkling in reply).

—No. Not even a little ant.

—Not even a piece of an ant?

—No.

—Why?

—Because they hadn't been born yet. The earth was one big mass of flames. Like the sun. Like those stars you see out there. They are like the sun.

—Those stars? Oh, but they're much smaller.

—No. That's because they are far away.

—How far?

—Quite far. And do you know, they aren't really there.

—Where are they?

—Somewhere else. I don't know. What you see there is their light. It takes time to come here, you see.

—Why?

Thoughtful pause.

—Well, it's as if you were going to London, and it took you some time to get there, and the people in London didn't see you until you got there.

Pause...

—Well, it's not quite like that.

Deeper pause...

—You mean, it's as if the stars had a dress on and they left it behind when they went away.

—Yes. That's it. Only they have many dresses you see.

Silence. Slow chant of the ocean. A murmur of waves.

—Where did the people come from?

—From a little tiny cell that lived in the water a long time ago.

—I always think that they were little, little people once and then they grew. Is that how it was?

—Something like that. Only they didn't look like people then.

You see, after the earth cooled a great cloud formed over it and then it rained and rained

for years. And the oceans and rivers were formed.

—How many oceans are there?

—A great many. Have you ever seen a map of the world?

—No.

Pause...

—How wonderful, never to have seen a map...

Silence.

—And then what happened?

—When?

—After the rains.

—Then life began to appear.

Tiny, tiny things you couldn't see with your eyes. And plants grew, and fishes swam in the waters, and animals of many shapes and sizes were born and died. And somewhere along the line people began.

—Little people?

—No. Not very little.

Silence. Moonlight streaming over the sands.

—Let's go. I'm afraid of crabs.

A smile.

—And they're afraid of you.

—Why?

—There is always something to be afraid of.

Pause...

—Let's go.

Small hand clasped tightly in big one. Moonlight on fair hair, ruffled by the breeze. Two retreating figures merging in the shadows. Fresh footprints on soft sand.

Incessant beating of the sea. A rush of twinkling waves. Footprints disappearing slowly beneath the steady wash...

Third Prize, Poetry

DAWN

by Michael Malus

Deserted morning city
hibernating beast
pulse slowed
barely breathing

laconic and something up its sleeve mist
convoluting and shunting with a smirk
around closed kiosks and mute movie marquees
blinking jabber of evening billboards
frozen into voiceless morning pallor

dishes clatter like dawn sparrows
in all night restaurants
dawn light
waning star light
on plate glass and pinkness and stainless steel
and over bacon and eggs
rhinestoned hustlers
eye the broken homosexuals

The Letter

(From Page Ten)

week?" Harry asked. He knew how happy it made the old man to discuss his letters.

"Got one in the mail this morning. My boy's been promoted to section chief. How about that!" He laughed proudly and with pleasure.

"This morning?" Harry echoed dully. "Did you say this morning?"

"Why, yes. In the seven o'clock mail. Is there anything wrong?"

"No," said Harry. And he walked slowly back into the house without saying anything else.

"Don't forget about Coney," the old man shouted after him. When his mother arrived home from work that night he asked her if she knew anything about the letter.

"I haven't seen the mailman in years," she answered. And she made supper.

The next morning he was up at six-thirty. He waited quietly in his room until he heard his mother leave. Then he dressed and stood on the porch looking for the mailman. As usual, old Skulnik was putting about in his lawn across the street. The fresh young sun seemed to pour itself out of the sky and lent his features a vital shimmering quality. He noticed Harry and shouted something, pointing at the sun. Harry waved back but did not answer. He had no time for the old man.

Sure enough, the postman arrived at seven. But there was nothing for Harry. Harry talked to the man and found him to be a dependable fellow, a solid citizen. He had been on this same beat for six years. He knew the neighbourhood and its people like the palm of his hand. Especially Harry's mother. A lovely woman, the mailman said. A

marvelous woman. So friendly, so generous. And such an early bird.

It took him the entire morning to nerve himself for the job. But in the afternoon he went through her things and found the letter in a small wooden jewel box underneath the linen in her dresser. There was another besides the one he was looking for. It was from a girl he had once known and liked very much but had somehow lost contact with. Inside the envelope was an invitation to a dance. It was postmarked two summers ago. The letter he had been expecting was an acceptance to his application for service in the merchant marine. He was to have reported for duty three weeks ago.

That evening he showed it to his mother, saying nothing. She regarded it without emotion for a moment, then turned away.

"It was for your own good," she explained calmly. "You might have been killed."

And when he showed her the other letter, she said: "It was for your own good. Nice girls don't run after boys. She was not a nice girl."

And she made supper.

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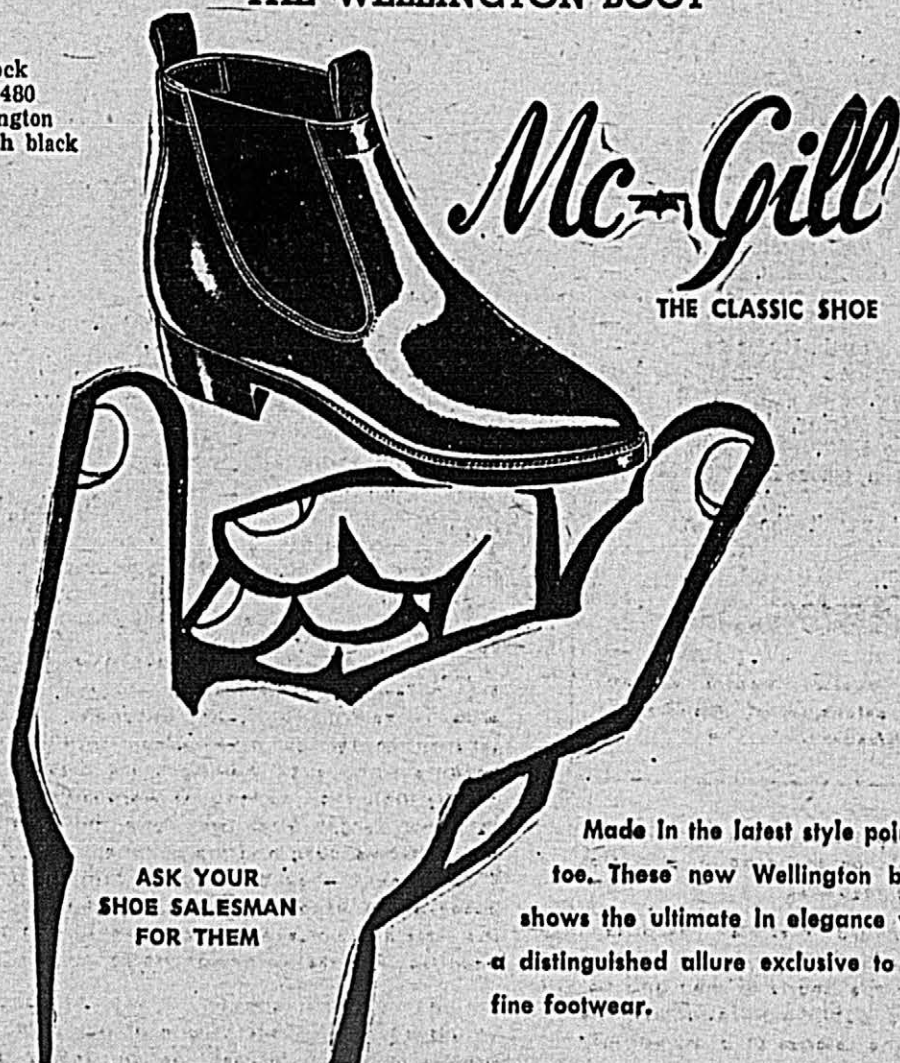
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Honorable Mention, Poetry

STICK-UP

by Robert Lakoff

He walked into the car
With a mask and sixguns

and everything

And said

"Stick em up"

Just like in the movies.

It was really neat.

He said

"Gimme yore wallit"

and I said

"Waddaya mean 'gimme yore wallit'."

He hit me in the jaw and knocked 2 teeth loose.

So I gave him my wallit.

So late that same night Harry left home and hitch-hiked west. He worked on a farm for a few weeks in Iowa. Once he strained his back hauling sacks of sand for rodeo arenas in Wyoming. And he joined a traveling circus, worked as general handyman all the way down into Utah and Nevada and California. He met all sorts of people. And he knew women.

But, strangely enough, he often thought of and missed the old man. He even considered writing to him one time, telling him about the things he had seen and done, about the natty hound's tooth jacket he had bought himself in Kansas City. The old man would like that. But Harry could not remember his address. And he would not write to his mother.

But in the Fall he returned wearing his new jacket with a yellow linen handkerchief tucked neatly into the breast pocket.

"What has happened to the old man?" he asked his mother at once. "His garden is a shambles."

"Poor Mr. Skulnik!" his mother said.

ther said. "He passed away a few weeks after you left. One day he got a letter saying his son was killed in a landslide. From then on he withered away. So did his garden. There was no rain and the sun dried everything up. Perhaps it affected his brain too. He mumbled to himself all the time. Once I heard him mumble something about Coney Island, a few days before he died. What a pity!"

"Yes," said Harry. He walked thoughtfully to his room. "You know something funny," he called from the door, "I learned a lot of things this summer but I never did get to know how to swim." And he got into bed and pulled the covers up until they covered his head.

His mother said nothing but inside herself she smiled a secret little smile. That afternoon she sat on the front porch for a long time, her arms clasped tightly about her bosom, looking fixedly at the weedy lawn across the road. After a while, when it began to get dark, she got up and went in to prepare supper.

SCOPE Exhibit

Deadline for applications to the SCOPE Arts Exhibit has been changed to January 8; deadline for submission of work is now January 10. Applications may be obtained from John at the Tuck Shop.

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M^cGILL DAILY PANORAMA

Vol. 2

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1962

No. 11

Let's Ban Applause

Editor's Note: Glenn Gould, Canada's most controversial musician, caused a furor at the Stratford Festival this summer when he requested that the audience refrain from applauding at the end of his performance. In this article, reprinted from "Musical America" at his suggestion, he explains GPAADAK — the "Gould Plan for the Abolition of Applause and Demonstrations of All Kinds".

The good citizens of Toronto, my home town, received, last spring, their annual visit from the Metropolitan Opera Company. This is an occasion much looked forward to by all of us, and this season was the subject of special attention, since it involved the transfer of that splendid ensemble from the regal expanse of a hockey arena to the more confined proscenium of a new theatre constructed on our behalf through the generosity, civic

by GLENN GOULD

vision and tax advantage of a local brewing firm. The Metropolitan, with its accustomed tact and diplomacy, wisely declined to present to us the alcoholic dissipations of Sir John Falstaff or the aphrodisiac delusions of Master Tristan or, indeed, any other tableaux which might compromise the corporate image of its host.

But, despite these courtesies, the visit was attended by a most disagreeable correspondence in the local press. This emanated from the displeasure which several writers voiced with the relatively restricted capacity of the new salon and from sympathy with those of our less affluent fellow citizens who found the consequent raise in admission prohibitive.

It was not these modest, though justified, complaints that arrested my attention, however, but, rather, the grave alarms raised by several of our more worldly-wise columnists (those who have attended concerts as far afield as Buffalo) that what we had lost with the reduced attendance at the Metropolitan was not money — a concept which all Torontonians could readily grasp — but was, rather, that intangible spirit of theatrical excitement generated by those whose native customs permit the unabashed display of enthusiasm or displeasure.

Callous Exclusion

We had, we were told, callously excluded the services of that indispensable component of grand opera — the upper-balcony leer-leader. This view, disseminated in the local press, caused much consternation among my fellow citizens, an effect it would surely not have achieved in any other city. This is, of course, because Toronto is one of the last bastions of puritan influence in North America and, despite the encroachment of science, Henry Miller and Immigration, we have managed to hold firm those convictions upon which the faith of our fathers was founded.

We do not regard the theatre as an intrinsically wicked institution; we do consider it in need of careful and constant scrutiny. But once we have satisfied ourselves as to the moral discernment of its productions, we proceed to it with a total humility born of reverence for that which we do not wholly understand. It would never have occurred to us to demand for ourselves the right demonstratively to proclaim our approbation by rudely punctuating a work of musical theatre. Even less would we presume, by forwarding uncomplimentary noises from the stalls, to express our distaste for the message of a composer which we found difficult or the hapless screechings of an ill-advised soprano.

This is not to say that we would withhold a measure of encouragement from an artist whose

work and whose private life are beyond reproach. I have seen elderly ladies remove their gloves to render their tribute to the symphonies of Mr. Elgar — after all, he was well received at court, wasn't he? — and certainly our pleasure with Dr. Mendelssohn knows no bounds. And I can attest from personal experience that Torontonians are well able to convey their consternation at the beeps and groans of Mr. Anton Webern by a silence as timeless as those within that gentleman's music itself.

New Leadership

But now we were being told by this racy contingent of high-living newspapermen that we must surrender our right to the genteel response of our cultural tradition and look for leadership to those whose heritage does not consider musical theatre an adjunct of the church (as ours does) but rather as a comfortably upholstered extension of the Roman Colosseum. Like many of my fellow citizens, this has given me occasion to ponder the relationship of applause to musical culture, and I have come to the conclusion, most seriously, that



... they consider musical theatre a comfortably upholstered extension of the Roman Colosseum.

the most efficacious step which could be taken in our culture today would be the gradual but total elimination of audience response.

I am disposed toward this view because I believe that the justification of art is the internal combustion it ignites in the hearts of men and not its shallow, externalized, public manifestations. The purpose of art is not the release of a momentary ejection of adrenalin but is, rather, the gradual, lifelong construction of a state of wonder and serenity. Through the ministrations of radio and the phonograph, we are rapidly and quite properly learning to appreciate the elements of esthetic narcissism — and I use that word in its best sense —

and are awakening to the challenge that each man contemplatively create his own divinity.

The effect of this newly acquired introspection has been salutary upon our culture as a whole. Never before have Okeghem and Costeley invaded our drawing room in the company of Chopin and Liszt. Never before has Gesualdo competed with Schubert for our attention. Never before has a composer been able to render electronically the exact specifications of his intention without resorting to the self-centered affectations of a performing midleman. If, then, it has been possible to achieve within one generation this degree of conditioned listening, surely the next generation will find it no mighty task to carry this quality of introspection one step further — into the concert hall and theatre themselves.

There are those, of course, who counsel that only in the theatre, only with the direct communion of artist to listener, can we experience the high drama of human communication. The answer to this, it seems to me, is that art on its loftiest mission is scarcely human at all.

Natural Response

"But surely," some may counter, "applauding after a performance is a natural to a listener as sneezing at the sun on a windy day." I reply that one may listen to a recording of a Beethoven symphony alone or in the company of friends and, though deeply moved at its conclusion, experience no more urgent need than a quick trip to the icebox for a soda water. And if we concede, then, that it is the law of the heard that governs the response of an audience to a performer, can this response be further justified?

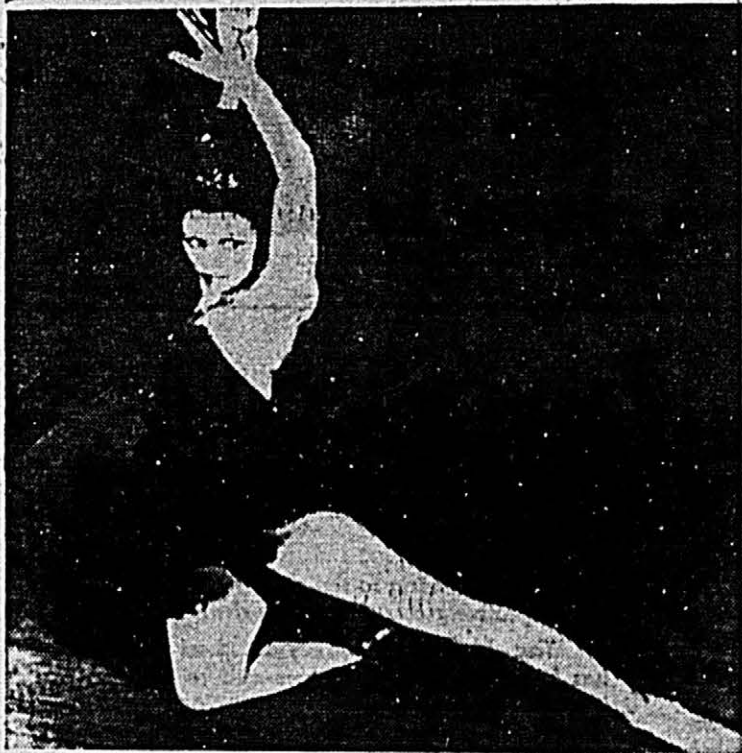
"Democracy, the rule of Majority," someone argues. "Why should the paying customer be deprived of the right to voice his opinion?" Well, apart from the fact that the other paying customers did not subscribe to hear his opinion, one must take into account the peculiar laws of acoustical psychology, whereby a strategically placed roofer or detractor may, by applying the proper vocal leverage at a judicious moment, enlist the bellowing echo of many hundreds of his fellows.

"But what harmful effect can it have?" someone asks. "Everybody knows that artists are incredibly conceited and quite able to survive the taunts of an impolite laity." Ah, are they indeed, I ask, or are the absurdly competitive extravaganzas of our operatic colleagues not the product of, or, maybe, the antidote to, the vulgar artistic hostility of those sun-baked societies who have built an operatic tradition in which their primal instinct for gladiatorial combat has found a more glorious but thinly disguised sublimation?

Less Sturdy

"All right," our disputant allows, "granted that a few of the less sturdy vocalists must concede in the fray, but what about the composers? Let's not forget that many of our great composers became famous by having more disorderly premieres than their colleagues were able to muster. Let's not forget Stravinsky and the riots at the Rite or Schoenberg and the pummelings at Pierrot." True, I retort, they did become famous, and they deserved to become famous, but not because of the riots and not even, I would venture to suggest, because of those particular works.

A more just citation, if you will allow me, would be an incident at one of our own Toronto premieres — an incident which deeply shocked all true Torontonians. It happened several years ago, at the first performance of a new concerto by a Canadian composer, a lady of considerable gift, though perhaps of less resilient spirit than (cont'd. on page 2 of Panorama)



Maya Plisetskaya, the main soloist in the Bolshoi company, is Ulanova's private pupil. She has been compared to Pavlova by Russian critics.

THE BOLSHOI BALLET

A POLISHED, EFFORTLESS PERFORMANCE

The Bolshoi Ballet never ceases to amaze. Their opening night performance was perhaps one of the most polished shows that Montrealers have ever had the privilege of watching.

Despite the fact that the hastily constructed stage in our renowned hockey arena was so unsteady that it bounced under the dancers' feet, and despite the fact that it was not nearly as deep as it should be, and definitely limited their movements; the company presented an effortless performance defying the efforts of the stage to fall apart beneath them.

The performance, as presented on the first night, was divided into three sections, each presenting one aspect of ballet,

and one aspect of the Bolshoi's talent.

The first segment was "Chopiniana", known more commonly in our hemisphere as "Les Sylphides". This purely classical piece was performed with the original Fokine choreography unchanged. Here was ballet at its purest and at its best. Before a simple drop set the dancers concentrated on mood and pattern.

Nocturne

The Nocturne performed by the whole cast, indicated that it is possible to combine discipline and expression. Not a dancer broke the pattern with a movement that took her outside the cast, and not a dancer failed to convey the lyrical and dream-like atmosphere inherent in the work. These were not frilly white puppets who pumped their arms up and down in unison, nor were they so carried away with the mood that the pattern broke and arms waved expressively and out of line. They danced with a sense of lyricism and feeling that was perfectly reconciled with the definite and disciplined pattern.

The waltz by Nina Sokorina followed the nocturne. One of the more difficult solos in the classical repertoire was performed with an effortlessness and a sense of mood that never once broke the unity between the corps de ballet and the soloist, the dancers and the music.

Mazurka

She was succeeded by Vladimir Nikonov, who performed the male version of the Mazurka. Unfortunately this very masculine dancer broke the mood slightly. His robust technique seemed a little incongruous beside the mood of unreality and lyricism that had been sustained so far. His leaps had too much effort in them, perhaps due to the rebounding stage, and his very manliness somehow prevented him from doing the adagio movements with the required softness and grace. His technique was flawless however, and his strength was amazing, if slightly out of context.

The atmosphere was quickly restored, however, with the prelude by Ekaterina Maximova. Again her effortlessness in execution was astounding, and again this was coupled with a first class sense of mood. She was followed by the female mazurka with Maya Samokhvalova.

In this solo, the dancer couples giant grand-jets with rapid changing of direction. Few dancers have ever accomplished this without a slight slurring or uncleanness in the connecting steps. Miss Samokhvalova managed to perform her solo without one slur, every movement was clean and finished. She had an amazing elevation, and did not seem to be jumping so much as flying and she never lost the mood in this very difficult solo.

The Ensemble returned for the finale and the soft mood of romanticism and idealism remained with the performers until the curtain dropped.

The second ballet of the evening was "Walpurgis Night", a

scene taken from the opera, "Faust". It formed a complete contrast to "Chopiniana". The setting was elaborate and the costumes colourful and glittery. The opening scene gave one the impression of shifting tapestry. The only disadvantage to this theatrical presentation of a ballet is the fact that it is difficult to judge technique, in fact the leading dancers often get lost among the seething and colourful mob upon the stage.

In fact, until the end, "Bachante" danced by Marina Kindratieva is not nearly as prominent as she should be. The only other criticism of this ballet is the fact that the orgy-like atmosphere of the choreography and the costumes seems to be connected by a tenuous thread to the music in many places. The most delicate and sophisticated waltz can be playing, while the actions upon the stage seem to be of a highly debauched nature.

Two sections of the ballet deserve special note; the finale and the dance of the satyrs. The dance of the satyrs has an unusual technique behind it, and it is an interesting study of experimentation in the ballet technique. It is performed with apparent ease, yet technically it is extremely difficult. Every movement within it indicates the devilish joy of the satyrs at this Bachanalian orgy.

The finale is a masterpiece in choreography and atmosphere. There is no discrepancy between the music and the dancing here. The wild resonant sounds fill the hall as the dancers perform astonishing lifts, leaps and turns. At the opening night performance, this particular number brought down the house.

The final section of the evening's entertainment was called "Ballet school" which was intended to show the various aspects of ballet training in the Bolshoi. Charmingly done, the ballet was supplemented by several guest dancers from in and around Montreal, all of these dancers were under ten years old.

Usually a technique demonstration of this sort is uninteresting to the uninitiated, but the Bolshoi presented this "ballet documentary" with such a degree of showmanship that even "he who came because his wife did" found it entertaining.

Plisetskaya

The soloist of some importance in the ballet was Maya Plisetskaya, who is the shining star on the Bolshoi horizon at this point. Unfortunately, not enough was seen of her during this performance. Whatever she did do, however, was executed with flawless technique and a good deal of expression.

So the Bolshoi presented an entertaining and exciting evening. Many things could be learned from them by Canadian ballet companies, particularly in the realms of technique, expression, and over-all polish.

EVE COUPLAND

Leningrad Philharmonic

THE LENINGRAD PHILHARMONIC, conducted by Eugen Mravinsky in a concert given at the St. Denis Theatre November 30 with the following programmes:
Shostakovich — Symphony No. 12
Tchaikovsky — Symphony No. 5 in E minor.

A criticism of the performance given by the Leningrad Philharmonic during their recent Montreal appearance is especially difficult to render. Impressions gathered from the quality of the program, on the one hand, and the manner in which it was played, on the other, are so at odds with one another, that an objective appraisal of either becomes virtually impossible. In the interests of fairness, and for fear of discrediting a truly remarkable performing body, I have therefore tried to prevent my remarks on these two inseparable aspects from overlapping.

The Leningrad has had the reputation in musical circles, of being the best of the Russian symphony orchestras. If this hypothesis needed any confirmation, the occasion most certainly furnished it, for the orchestra proved themselves an exciting group, capable of ranking with many of our best. Ever-present was an unflagging sense of regimental precision and unity, complemented on occasion by a more soloistic approach which lent warmth and personality to the performance.

The strings had a lush polished quality, and overlooking an irritating buzz in the double basses, a warm full-bodied sound. The woodwind soloists are, all of them, superb musicians. Their sense of phrasing and intonation was a constant delight to the ear. My only wish is that their instruments were not of an inferior sort, forcing them to labour under a disadvantage which made their tone seem thin and almost primitive by western standards.

BRASS

The brass instrumentalists use a curious vibrato which takes a little getting used to, but which results in a warmer and more lyrical tone than we are accustomed to. The trumpets sound more like mellow cornets, and the horn has something of the timbre of a muted trombone. The first hornist should, incidentally, be singled out for his superb performance

of the ever ingratiating horn solo in the adagio of the Tchaikovsky. The percussion was formidable, a characteristic which they had ample opportunity to demonstrate during the Shostakovich symphony.

Eugen Mravinsky, their gaunt, hollow-cheeked conductor, is a man of great personal magnetism. In an effortless and undemonstrative manner he led his orchestra through the most difficult changes in tempo and dynamics, and up to the noblest dramatic climaxes. He seemed to be imposing a secret will on the musicians, giving them free rein and at the same time subtly moulding their respective initiatives into a resounding unity. So unaffected was he in manner, that although his musicianship and control were consistently superb, Mravinsky was able to make use of the orchestra's virtuosity to suggest, at times, that the music was playing itself, so great was the air of spontaneity.

SHOSTAKOVITCH

The concert opened with a performance of Shostakovich's 12th symphony (1961), a work which was universally panned at this year's Edinburgh festival. Though prepared to be most benevolent in my criticism of it, my honest reaction upon hearing it is that it is a pale effort indeed. Even if one were to grant that as tame an artistic approach as is in evidence in this work is valid today, i.e. even if one were to relax one's standards to the point of overlooking the compositional attitude behind this work; the triteness, the banality, the

countless pages of fill, and the total neglect of even the meagre possibilities afforded by the composer's materials, combine to condemn it irrevocably to a well deserved oblivion. Whether a conscious effort to deceive the public with superior craftsmanship, or the adverse effects of the perpetual thaws and regulations of Soviet society, or simply premature artistic senility is responsible for this artificial piece of rhetorical bombast, I do not know; but that is all it is and all that can be said about it.

REFRESHING

I can only report how refreshingly vital the unmistakably exquisite if shamelessly sentimental melodies of Tchaikovsky were after our initial experience. Though so often the target of intellectual snobs such as myself, this man at least had the artistic integrity which many who are his compatriots and our contemporaries seem to lack. His fifth symphony, which is supposed to depict the intransigence of fate, was played with the requisite forcefulness and sense of drama. The adagio was the joy of the evening, and though certain freedoms taken in the other movements were not to my liking, the total effect was too satisfying for a carping critic to exercise his prerogatives.

The three insipid selections which the orchestra presented as encores, only served to confirm my opinion that the Russians' tastes are not worthy of their musical ability.

WILLIAM BENJAMIN

Let's Ban Applause

(cont'd. from p. 1 of Panorama)

a Stravinsky or a Schoenberg. Preceding the performance, an introductory speaker (non-Torontonian) spoke harshly to us on the subject of apathy toward contemporary composition. He urged us, as only a non-Torontonian would, to express our approval of the works we enjoyed or, if we so inclined, our disapproval. Now, this ad-

judgment would certainly have gone for naught but for the unlucky chance that in the audience that night there sat another non-Torontonian, an historian by profession and an intelligent chap, but a fellow whose musical sympathies stop somewhere short of Josquin Des Prés. Well, as you can imagine, the new concerto did not fall upon receptive ears, and so our friend, the historian, having been encouraged to voice his estimation, did so. Regrettably, he was being closely scrutinized at the time by some eager members of his graduate class (non-
(cont'd. on page 4 of Panorama)

The Bill Evans Trio

Thanks to the SCOPE society of McGill, Montrealers will have an opportunity this Thursday to hear the brilliant sounds of Bill Evans, currently the most important pianist in the field of jazz. The choice of Evans as the year's top pianist by *Downbeat* magazine's International Jazz Critics Poll climaxes his rise to universal recognition as a supreme influence in the development of his instrument. Although Evans cannot, like Charlie Parker, be credited with revolutionizing the art form, future jazz historians will certainly acknowledge his significance as an innovator, comparable to Art Tatum, Bud Powell and Thelonius Monk.

Born in August, 1929, in Plainfield, New Jersey, Evans assimilated at a tender age the Welsh and Russian musical traditions of his family, and at the age of 16 led a band with his older brother. After earning a degree at Southeastern Louisiana College, he worked briefly with Herbie Fields before a three-year stint in the army.

Met Motian

In a sextet led by Jerry Wald, he first met Paul Motian, his present drummer. At the Mannes School of Music, Evans developed a technique that today is responsible for a rhythmic assurance unequalled in piano, and matched only by Miles Davis and John Coltrane in their respective instruments. Before

joining the Davis group in 1958, Evans (and Motian too, coincidentally) played in groups led by Tony Scott, Don Elliott and George Russell.

His work with Miles Davis (admirably represented on Columbia LP's *Jazz Track* and *Kind of Blue*) marked a turning point in the pianist's career. In '58 and '59, the *Downbeat* poll selected him as outstanding new-star pianist. He went on to work the New York jazz spots in various trios of a tentative nature, which at different times included bassist Jimmy Garrison and drummers Kenny Dennis and Philly Joe Jones.

Then Lefaro

With the accidental discovery of bassist Scott Lefaro, a new world seemed to unfold for Evans and Motian. During a long and close association, the three evolved a remarkably swinging rapport. But the heights they achieved were as precarious and delicate as the pianist's fluctuating health. Someone has said of Bill Evans, "It's as if a gray cloud followed him, haunting him." Certainly he has suffered no greater tragedy, artistic or personal, than the unexpected death of Scott Lefaro in June, 1961. Evans did not play publicly for another six months.

When he did return to music, he was accompanied by Motian and bassist Chuck Israels. The following months were difficult times. As Motian comments in a *Downbeat* article dealing with the new Bill Evans Trio, "It had taken us two years to get to the peak we had reached with Scott, and now we had to start all over."

But Israels is an immensely talented musician, with an unusual facility for artistic projection, and by the time of the trio's opening at the Village Vanguard last July, Evans could recall having "no apprehension about the ability of the group to develop in its own direction, and no hesitation about performing for anyone anywhere." To quote Motian once again: "I thought 'Oh, oh, we've reached that point again.' I knew we

could continue where we left off when Scott died."

The fresh but polished musical conceptions that will greet the audience at Redpath Hall on the occasion of Evans' first visit to Montreal are the offspring of this sensitive collaboration. Evans is one of those masters of the art of improvisation, who seem able with deceptive ease to choose exactly the right voicings, the right rhythms and the right tones to communicate a personal vision.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the Evans musical gestalt is a rare ability to organize ideas within the unit of the chorus in a fluid, filligree pattern, while still retaining primitive swing qualities. Although some critics protest that Evans' most recent recordings have been so pervaded by the influence of the impressionistic school of classical music as to dilute the peculiar brand of swing exhibited in the *Everybody Digs* album, the Bill Evans Trio, like the Modern Jazz Quartet, employs classical devices simply to extend its melodic range, without the slightest diminution of a funky core.

RICK KITAEFF



Bill Evans will appear in Redpath Hall tomorrow night at 8:30. Tickets are on sale at the Union Box Office and at the door.

Normand Hudon — Canadian Voltaire

Artistically, Normand Hudon, French Canada's Voltaire, lives two lives, succeeding splendidly at both.

As a painter, he recently held a heavily-attended, highly praised exhibition at Waddington's art gallery.

As a caricaturist, he has enraged public figures from the late Maurice Duplessis to Real Caouette.

"It may be pretentious to say," grins this integral part of

French Canada, "but I think one day they'll have to nationalize me like Shawinigan."

Friendly and warm in person, Hudon is dark, tall and rapturously thin. He says he is half Indian, half French.

Hudon dislikes talking about his paintings, which he says represent an inner world that can't be catalogued.

He also dislikes selling them. "They are my children and even if they are bad I love them."

Other dislikes: telephones and television, although he admits working for the latter pays for his elegant apartment.

More public are Hudon's caricatures, appearing six times a week on the front page of *La Presse*. His pet victims: the National Union and Social Credit.

Not a caricaturist whose work goes without reaction, Hudon quite often receives letters and telephone calls from people threatening to break his hands or neck. Not overly alarmed, he figures they would come in person if they meant business.

Born in Montreal in 1929, a

year in which his father and many others lost their fortunes, Hudon could be excused if he was a pessimist. However, he's an optimist who says he gets a lot from life because he works hard.

The worst student in a science course when at school — "I had no aptitude for mathematics or science but apparently had to be studying somewhere" — he spent class time drawing caricatures of his teachers, some of whom became so infuriated that young Hudon was expelled.

At 13, he was drawing political caricatures for the Quebec Liberal Party paper, *La Reforme*. Later he worked for the hard-hitting, Duplessis-lashing *Le Devoir*.

Hudon has published several volumes of caricatures and has had numerous exhibitions.

His conception of the caricaturist's role?

"The caricaturist helps society progress by pointing out its weaknesses, and he is someone who realizes that villainy is universal, not racial or national."

French and English Canadian relations?

"I'm not a separatist," Hudon says. "I think the English and French can get along. We've all become more civilized in the last 10 years, though I still think French Canadians have made more of an effort to speak English than vice versa."

Reford MacDougall

The Weavers Are More Effective Solo

The Weavers are billed as "America's Most Popular Folk-singers". They have arrived at this stage by means of a vast repertoire, a well-blended vocal combination resulting in pleasant harmonies and an enviable stage presence. Probably more than any other group or solo artist (with the exception of Pete Seeger) the Weavers have done the most to raise folk music to its present concert-stage level.

Their renditions of "Irene, Good Night" and "Kisses Sweeter Than Wine" put folk music on the international map and firmly entrenched the Weavers in the front rank of folk music artists.

Aside from their standard numbers (such as "When the Saints Go Marching In", "William Tell", "Rock Island Line", "Darling Corey") all of which met with enthusiastic response by the capacity audience, the Weavers presented a varied as-

sortment of songs from around the world.

Ronnie Gilbert and Frank Hamilton (newest member of the Weavers) presented a varied assortment of songs from around the world.

Ronnie Gilbert and Frank Hamilton (newest member of the Weavers) combined in an unaccompanied duet "Motherless Child". Their strange, eerie harmony captured all the wailing, haunting loneliness of the Southern Mountain song.

Frank Hamilton, doubling on five-string banjo and twelve-string guitar, further demonstrated his versatility by accompanying himself on the harmonica for a blues number, alternately singing a phrase and playing it. The harmonica, which is capable of a variety of effects, was used well.

Fred Hellerman's brilliant guitar work makes him invaluable to the Weavers. Aside from being a virtuoso guitarist, he is also a noted song writer.

One of his contributions was a devastating topical song — "I'm Standing On the Outside of Your Shelter". Lines such as "Have I ever told you that I cared?" delivered deadpan were hilarious.

Lee Hays, the bass of the group, delivered an amusing, if somewhat long-winded monologue about his days as a rural preacher. It must have been funny because other people were laughing. They must have good ears; I couldn't catch very much of it. Mr. Hays sings better than he talks.

In one of their appearances as a group (they were very busy weaving themselves on and off the stage) the Weavers delivered a 17th century round, unaccompanied, in four parts. Sung with gusto, it was a refreshing change of pace.

Ronnie Gilbert did several solos, some unaccompanied. Her powerful voice was always subservient to her material. Her pure joy in singing lends a spirited note to the group.

It is surprising that although each is a soloist in his own right, their combined efforts lose their emotional appeal.

However, the Weavers have succeeded in presenting a broad picture of folk music to many people.

ELYSE J. WEINBERG

PANORAMA

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A Daily Review:

Directory of Students 1962-63

Directory of Students 1962-1963.
Published by the McGill University Press. 200 pages (5200-5001-200).
Price 25 cents.

Once more the McGill Students' Society has published its delightful little book of communications information. Tastefully bound in paper, the cover presents a striking contrast of Telephone Black and McGill Red. In true contemporary fashion the title brings out in a few words the full message of the text.

In preparing the booklet, the authors have gone all out to present a full and accurate coverage of the topics discussed. In all, there are some 26 topics, which cover nearly all the relevant facts which anyone interested in the field may wish to know. In order that each part of the topic under consideration may be fully understood, the authors have continued along the lines of their predecessors in their presentation. In this they have been guided by popular response, and their layout and the general presentation now follow the well-established patterns of the previous years.

The text, which is intended both for casual perusal and reference, is full of delightful passages which will bring the

reader both tender memories and innuendos. The flowing style of the language reveals nearly all about the subject, and yet is not too flowery to prevent the reader from fully comprehending the subject. In an endeavour to save space, however, the author has printed the page in two columns. This, while economical, does give the reader a "newspaper" complex and detracts from the personal touch. However, by the judicious use of spaces, most pages present a pleasing picture to the eye, and this, in a book without illustrations, plays an important part in the reader's readiness to accept the book.

The introduction is also well worthy of note. Here we find the author setting out, as it were, the skeleton of the book as a whole. This is strange, in that normal custom demands the skeleton be well and truly hidden in the work. However in this case, the effect, which is both startling and novel, does permit the reader to obtain the essentials without excessive research. Unfortunately, some of the assertions lack a basis for their presentation. In particular the Union and the Daily are misrepresented. But gen-

erally the introduction is concise and well written.

We look forward to their next publication which if it follows this one, might be said to cover the topic from A to Z.
P. Boris KING

Editor's note: In keeping with our policy of reviewing any creative endeavour that turns up, *Panorama* presents a critical analysis of this year's edition of the Directory of Students. In order to carry this program one step further, we are also reprinting a review of the Directory which appeared two years ago, winning wide acclaim. See next week's *Panorama* for a review of these reviews.

Folksinger In Process Of Development

Monday night was chill, but Elyse Weinberg, folksinger, was holding forth in the warm womb of the Pot Pourri. No doubt hampered by a sparse crowd (adverse meteorological and academic conditions), Elyse exercised an assured and personal stage presence, malgré tout.

It is difficult and perhaps unfair to analyse her style, which is in the awkward process of discovering itself. Yet is more than backhanded compliment to say that she is not at all imitative in presentation, save for a Ewen McCall accent two grown men would have trouble lifting. Each number is phrased and interpreted to suit herself.

Apparently what suits Elyse is moderately dramatized and lively presentation of ironic ballads and spirited ditties. This type of material indeed suits her well; she does not have the Baez austerity which poignant, folk-tragic ballads of lost love and lost battles require. This cuts both ways, of course: imagine Baez singing Lehrer's Irish Ballad; the 'Ballad of the Young C.N.D.'; the 'Song of the Temperance Union'; or even 'Talking Atomic Blues'.

Back to Elyse: her chief lack results from inexperience and the process of finding herself musically. With rare exceptions, her songs lacked the organic unity and impact which result from strong and personal interpretation. The guitar-work was usually adept, but in no sense extraordinary, and seldom more than background. It was never used as expression, and the audience found itself hanging during meaningless and perfunctory guitar breaks. Rhythm, too, often shifted from under our feet for no observable stylistic reason. These distractions, and a general lack of interpretation and impact, should disappear with whatever qualities experience is supposed to bring.

Certain songs were memorable and engender this hope of development. 'Talking Atomic Blues' and the driving blues entitled 'Walk On Alabama' show that Elyse has found a style for this type of blues, which should be developed. She also has a knack with mildly bawdy songs, and she could profitably graduate to stronger stuff. Ed McCurdy's 'Strangest Dream' was superbly done, with a rare unification of voice and guitar. It made the night.

U.S.A.

Let's Ban Applause

(cont'd. from p. 2 of *Panorama*)
Torontonians all), who were seated nearby. And so, "Hoot," said the professor and "Hoot, hoot," said the students, while visions of better grades danced in their heads. I wish I could relate that the concerto and its composer became infamous that night, but such was not to be the case, and it has not been rendered since. There is, however, a sequel to the story. The lady composer had another premiere in Toronto quite recently — a new symphony. Our historian was not present, but nonetheless the new work was shown the same intolerance as its elder brother — the only work in our concert season to be so honored. Clearly, the herd is breeding.

Singular Passion

"Aha," says the disputant in a final effort to demolish my case, "this fellow Gould speaks with a singular passion. Perhaps he, too, has been put to his heels to escape the wrath of an outraged public!" Yes, I admit candidly, there was such an occasion. It was in Florence, or, as we international men prefer to say, Firenze. I had just concluded a performance of the Schoenberg Suite, Op. 25, which, although it was, at the time, 35 years old, had not yet been admitted to the vocabulary of the Florentines. I arose from the instrument to be greeted by a most disagreeable chant from the upper balcony, which was at once contradicted by feverish encouragements from the lower levels. Although I was new to this experience, I instinctively realized that no harm could come to me so long as I permitted the spectators to vent their fury upon each other. Therefore, I cunningly milked the applause for six curtain calls (an exceptional acclaim for Opus 25), and, thereafter, the exhausted audience sat back in a liverish somnolence to attend the *Goldberg Variations*.

I feel that I have now presented my case with true candor, and so it only remains to suggest ways and means to implement my proposal that the audience of the future should be seen but not heard. To this end, and for the assistance of any concert manager who may care to make use of it, I have drawn up the "Gould Plan for the Abolition of Applause and Demonstrations of All Kinds," hereinafter referred to as GPAADAK. Needless to say, GPAADAK in its early stages will require, in addition to an active promotional campaign, a measure of goodwill on the part of artist, audience and manager alike.

Inherent Liturgy

The first step in instituting GPAADAK will be the scheduling of applauseless concerts on each Friday, Saturday and Sunday. These three days, with their inherent liturgical connotations, are best able to evoke a suitably reverent state of mind. Concerts during the balance of the week, Monday to Thursday, could be billed as "Family Excursion Events," if I may beg a term from the airlines. Reduced prices would ap-

ply at these events and, of course, applause would be permitted.

Children would be encouraged to attend during the week, and the duty to guide them there would provide a convenient excuse for those of the older generation who found the conversion difficult. The performers, naturally, would be strictly second-team. At the prestige weekend concerts, the most serious problem in the early stage of GPAADAK will be the selection of appropriate repertoire — works which will most contribute to the over-all solemnity. I would suggest that large-scale oratorios be tried first, followed, perhaps, by a series consisting of music composed by members of royal houses. There is a wide field here, and works such as the Piano Concerto in A, by Louis Ferdinand of Prussia, or the *Pastorale Cantata for Lady Augusta's Birthday*, by Frederick Louis, Prince of Wales (and father, incidentally, of George III), deserve a firm place in our musical life. There might, of course, be certain judicious exclusions. Perhaps a composition by the Maharaja of Porbandar would not be appropriate for a Sunday concert in Karachi.

The next area of repertoire to be included in GPAADAK should be the presentation of ninth symphonies — anybody's ninth symphony, really, although Shostakovich's might be a little flip — but, after exploring the Beethoven-Bruckner-Mahler parallel, it would be wise to conclude with Schubert's Ninth, since, being really his Seventh, it would introduce an appropriate note of secularism into the numerical piety of the series. I think that these few suggestions already indicate that the concert managers of the future will be under pressure to display an unaccustomed initiative in programming.

In the early stages of GPAADAK, the performers may feel a moment of unaccustomed tension at the conclusion of their selection, when they must withdraw to the wings unescorted by the homage of their auditors. For orchestral players this should provide no hazard: a platoon of cellists smartly goose-stepping offstage is an inspiring sight. For the solo pianist, however,

L'année Prochaine à Dawson

As the founder and chronicler of GPAADAK, I feel that it behooves me to be among the first to put it into practice. Needless to say, I have given this responsibility much consideration. Regrettably, Toronto does not provide the ideal site, since, apart from the fact that it needs GPAADAK less urgently than almost any other center, I personally would be confronted with the age-old civic antagonism for the local boy with a vision. As a codirector of the Stratford Music Festival, it has occurred to me that the unique intimacy of our beautiful stage there might be especially appropriate for applauseless concerts, but then those actors are such a wild, unpredictable bunch. Perhaps my chance will come at Mr. Tom Patterson's recently announced Dawson City Festival of 1962. Here indeed is virgin territory. Here is an audience without prejudice, without preconception. I wonder how Diamond Lil would react to the Maharaja of Porbandar?

It's THE Book of the Century

Powerful...

Uninhibited...

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Less than a month off the presses, the McGill Students' Directory has already been translated into sixty-seven languages and into French-Canadian, banned in Fort William, and has caused a controversy in world literary circles unheard of since the publication of *Winnie-the-Pooh*. The publishers are pleased to present to McGill students the same standard edition at the same standard price.

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— Louis Dudek

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— Ellery Queen

"It... suffers in translation."
— The Yiddish Weekly

"Discriminatory... I can find no evidence of equal space being accorded to French-speaking contributors."
— Donald Gordon

Crossways And The...

(Continued from page 9)

"Daddy just wanted to keep us busy."

"He always does."

"There aren't any people we know here."

"What's the difference?"

"We'll be waiting in the cold for nothing."

"By the time we get there we'll have to go back. What time is it?"

"Don't know — we've got time yet."

The boys kept on walking. From time to time somebody passed them, but for the main part the path was empty.

"Hey, I bet if you took this path you'd end up where we were."

"Daddy said there wasn't any way but the one we took."

"Ya, but you know how daddy gets so many things mixed up."

"You want to try it?"

Dan thought for a few seconds, then sharply replied, "Okay. It's just that I wonder how much time we've got. Mommy said it begins at ten on the nose, no waiting for these things, she said."

With renewed vigour, they turned right again. Baruch bounced as he walked, and his jogging was peculiarly out of place.

"Danny, take your hands out of your pockets."

"Hmmm?"

"Forget it. What is it you're so busy thinking about anyhow?"

"Here's a problem for you."

"Okay." Baruch fixed his eyes upon some trees in the distance, apparently examining them. Then Dan's mouth twisted curiously.

"Well, if a tree has no heart, no blood, and nothing immediately collapsible, then why does it die?"

Baruch perked up. His brother went on.

"I mean, biologically speaking, the tree has no single organ that can or must collapse eventually. All its tissues are purely mechanical." He laughed and said, "It's such a stupid question, and I can't really answer."

And with that perfect frankness that only brothers fully attain, they talked about trees and why they die, Baruch saying that he knew trees simply had to die, in his own boyish way. Their voices were loud, and incongruous with the surroundings, but they continued, till the path

they took brought them to a dead end.

"So daddy was right. You can't get there by this way."

"Ya, but there was still no reason to go back."

"But that's because we took this path. Maybe if we had stayed where we were supposed to, we would have told people which way to go."

"Maybe."

They turned and started walking again, this time in silence. They proceeded swiftly, and Dan raised his hands to his ears to warm them up. When the two boys came to there they had originally left the crosspath, they noticed an old man standing, as if waiting for them. Baruch was slightly frightened of him, yet he didn't say anything. And just before they were to turn, he approached them, mumbling something vaguely which they couldn't quite catch, for he spoke Yiddish. Baruch squinted and drew up to him; Dan kept in his place.

"The unveiling?" Baruch asked, stuttering a little.

The old man cupped his ear and screwed up his ugly nose. "Yeh," he said, "dos unveiling, dos unveiling," as if he suddenly understood. Then he made an uncertain gesture with his arm, and Baruch very awkwardly accepted it. Together they began walking. Now Baruch was feeling all disjointed somehow, going so slowly as he was, and with his elbow lifted up so that the old man could clutch it. When they finally reached their grandfather's gravestone, there was already something of a crowd, but a little wait ensued till everyone had arrived. The old man grumbled his thanks to the boys who promptly moved away.

Mr. Shveig was speaking quietly to his older brother, who did not resemble him at all. Michael Shveig was proud and cynical; he had biting eyes and a very thick pair of brows. Furthermore, he was the only one of Mr. Shveig's immediate family who was still single. He had remained a bachelor partially because of his temper, partially because he himself never wanted to marry. But whatever the story, that's the way he was; and now the death of his father

had produced no effects upon him. And the discussion with his brother consisted of banalities. The latter, however, was in no mood for talking at all, let alone talking about nothing, so he cut off short the conversation.

Meanwhile the two daughters of the deceased had arrived. They were both, like Al, as they had grown to call him, big and hefty, and upon them the Shveig family's East European ancestry was most noticeable. They were simple women, with a build that can only be associated with the ground and farming, with vegetables, meat, and the earth. They never did lose their accent, but the lilting sound of their native language mixed well with their broken English.

Further down, the two boys were talking to Sammy Bloomstein, their cousin, who was now in college, and whom Dan envied a little. When Sammy's father called the boy away, Baruch and Dan stretched their limbs a bit, then walked around, saying hello to this aunt or that cousin-in-law. After a moment or two, Dan wandered off toward the little crown of relatives to the grave, which he went on to examine. Just a small hump and a grey stone, covered with a white cloth, that billowed in the wind and that to the boy seemed lovely. He looked at the ground, thought of it, and turned away with a bit of a shudder.

By now the last relatives were coming down that little path leading to the grave of A. Shveig. The small crowd, that itself seemed dark, knitted together at last at about ten o'clock before a cantor and the rabbi. Dan had returned and got in with the rest, and the last stragglers quickly took their places.

There was a pause, like a pause in conversation, then the cantor sang. His voice was rich, with a deepness as one would imagine deep red jewels. And at each new phrase his eyes

recoiled in a new sadness, and he tightened, then relaxed, his brows.

When the hymn was over, there was some whispering in the back. Then the rabbi began.

"We are gathered here to witness the unveiling of the gravestone of Abraham Shveig..." He went on and on, his voice replete with meaningful fluctuations, his eyes glimmering expressively.

"... And we all know that honesty in this day and age is such a precious commodity. Friends, I knew him, an honest man, a man whose memory shall always be cherished, a man who valued learning and studying in the times when those things were so difficult to obtain. But he worked, and earned enough to learn and to study and to obtain this knowledge. I need not discuss the virtues of Abraham Shveig, you know well enough his stature, as a simple man, a quiet man, who accepted the hardships of life, the burdens that life brings, who accepted misfortunes, obstacles, all of these came, a man who was quiet in his sufferings down to the last days and moments."

"And now Abraham Shveig is passed away and gathered into the kingdom of the All-powerful, blessed be His name, and you dear children of the deceased, continue living and bearing fruit, for this is the way that our mighty God has set upon His earth."

The rabbi continued, while all about him was a perfect silence. Fruma Shveig stood motionless, her hand in her husband's arm. On the other side, their two sons listened sharply. There was a terror growing on Baruch's dark eyes and on the sparking moisture of his lips. And next to him, his older brother breathed heavily in his concentration.

The rabbi finished his eulogy and said, "Will the children of the deceased please step forward and remove the veil." The two sisters removed it, and let it fall upon the hump of earth before the stone. The rabbi then said, "The Lord has given, the Lord has taken, blessed be His name."

"Amen."

And the slow process of disbanding began. A stream of people, all sad, was formed upon the narrow path that led away from the grave. Among these people, however, was not the old man. He had hobbled away long before, realizing that the unveiling for which he had come was not on that side of the cemetery. And now, instead of following the others, Baruch remained for a moment or two in his place, looking at the scrawny weed that had sprung up on the grave and at how the wind that was puffing at the lovely white veil was dragging it to the field. Then he turned around quickly, and, half running, caught up to his brother who was walking quietly away.

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INTERVIEWS

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Constitution Amended; Student Fees Up \$10

by LEW SOROKA

Beginning with the 1964-65 term, McGillians will have to pay \$25 per year Students' Society fees, rather than the \$15 charge now in effect. The increase is a result of the successful passage, at an open meeting of a Students' Society constitutional amendment arising out of anticipated increased costs in the new University Centre set to replace the Union in two years time.

The motion, proposed by Richard Kaiser, Commerce representative to the SEC had failed to come to a vote at a previous open meeting when a group of opposing students walked out and broke the quorum necessary for a legal vote.

Principal opposition to the motion came from Phil Pacey, a fourth year Science student, who had expressed his disagreement with the way the motion had been presented at the first meeting. He questioned whether or not the motion had been given the required

two weeks notice in the *Daily* before being put to the meeting. The Chairman, Gordon Echenberg, SEC Chairman, assured that the constitutionally required notice had been given.

Majority Vote

Although a small number of students expressed their dissatisfaction with the manner in which the motion had been presented, a majority carried the motion to put the amendment, when it was raised.

The principal part of the amendment was passed with a majority of 393 for to 27 against. There were 28 abstentions.

Following this, a group from the new men's residences, represented by Dave Stevens, President of the Gardner Hall Council, presented a motion calling for a committee to "enter into direct negotiation" with the University to try to improve the situation as regards sound-proofing in the residences built last year.

No, You May Not Leave The Room



Shown here are members of the Students' Society, sitting down to be counted, in favour of the motion to increase fees from \$10 to \$25. Shown here also are some members of the Students' Society who abstained from voting on the motion.

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LOST: Camera Case and 2 McGill note books (red) French, History. Please! Help! Name: Lucille Desjardins.

WANTED: lift to Brooklyn, New York on Dec. 18 or 19. Will share expenses. Call Edwin Griffith VI. 4-0977.

AREN'T you glad you're coming to the stupendous Christmas Party the McGill New Democrats are throwing at the Union Clubroom on Friday Dec. 14 at 8:30 pm? Don't you wish everybody did? (Hee, Hee).

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All campus political parties who wish to participate in Model Parliament must submit their constitutions to the Debating Union office in the Union basement tomorrow between 1-2 pm.

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'NEATH THE HILL

with
robert prinsky
Newsfeatures Editor

It was an historical occasion. Some seventy people, students past and present, were gathered in the Union Ballroom to pay their parting tribute to Dr. James as he began his retirement from McGill. Presidents of the Students' Society since 1939 came to be with him, and to relive memories of the James Era, as it has been styled.

An informal gathering it was. Not only did four presidents talk about the antics of their times, one from each of the decades during which Dr. James was Principal, but after they finished, three others rose spontaneously to tell just a few more anecdotes from those colourful years. Many people spoke, and one might think, judging from numbers, that they were too many. But it was easy to see that they were not.

Each one had something different to say, an aspect of Dr. James' character to bring out, and it is typical of the retiring Principal that there were so many of them to be found. Yet not everything was mentioned by the speakers for Dr. James himself talked about what he considered the most significant event in his twenty-three years.

During the immediate post-war years (from which admittedly no President was able to attend) McGill played a leading role in the education of veterans and was the prototype for similar programs in schools across Canada, the United States, and Britain. No veteran was denied the chance for higher education in Canada, and McGill was the first to accommodate them. Not only was this a significant event, but it was Dr. James' greatest contribution to education.

Aside from the verbal tributes, he received several tangible awards from various segments of the student body. The Students' Society gave him a Gold Award (real gold too, not the silver beer mugs habitually given to students), the DAILY gave him a gold award and made him honorary Editor-in-Chief, the Debating Union gave him a gavel since he was honorary President for a long time, and the Women's Union and Annual each gave him mementos.

It was a very touching and meaningful ceremony, and everyone present was very aware of the fact. One could tell from the applause that punctuated the evening at regular intervals; it is not difficult to tell the difference between sincere applause and the simple banging together of palms. It was equally evident that it touched Dr. James. When he rose in thanks he recalled his honorary memberships and said, "I almost feel like a Big Man On Campus now."

A big man on campus he was. As one of the speakers observed, it is James' McGill. "The James Imprint", to quote our Chancellor, will be visible for a long time to come. But perhaps his greatest impression was made on the students that passed through the University while he was Principal, and it was they who paid him what will surely remain in his memory as one of the finest appreciations he received.

For although he has left his Imprint and has played such a great part in education at McGill, in Canada, and abroad, the major function of any University is to educate, and the aim of any principal must be to see that this function is realized to its fullest potentials. And who is the best judge of the degree of success in this respect? I do not feel that it is the students who are here now; nor do I think that it is the opinion of some professional educator.

Rather I feel that it is the graduates who have gone out into the world and made their own dent in it. And of these men, the leaders of the student body are among the most qualified to judge. It was they who were present Friday night, it was they who heaped the praise on Dr. James. I think that nothing could have been more sincere, more meaningful, and more deserved. That was the spirit of the banquet, something which is hard to put into words, but it is something that will not soon be forgotten by those who were lucky enough to be present.

Most of all, it is something that will not soon be forgotten by Dr. F. Cyril James, Principal and Vice-Chancellor of McGill University, 1939-1962.

Just Dropped In



— MIKE GOLDSTEIN

HERE COMES SANTA CLAUS

Merry Christmas to all from Newsfeatures.

Xmas Xplained

Traditions are important. Most have lasted for long, long years. They have bound together peoples of diverse interests, subduing idiosyncrasies of antagonism and negating petty differences. Whole populations tend to put away trifling affairs and daily routine in order to honour together a common tradition.

The greatest and most enduring traditions have arisen from religion, and the most renowned tradition of all is Christmas. It is now nearly two thousand years old, and still it is celebrated in the good old-fashioned way.

Certainly, each country and nation has developed its own particular methods of paying tribute, but the central theme is never lost sight of. Let us review some of the varied conceptions that have evolved over the years in different lands.

Aside from the baby Jesus, the central theme, aside from the giving of gifts, is Santa Claus, aside from decorating the Christmas tree. The theories as to origin of this kindly, red-nosed gent are as numerous as the theories propounded as to the origin of his red nose.

It was stated before that traditions help to unify populations, help them to forget their petty differences. Santa Claus is a main factor — if you can translate his name from one of about ten languages.

Canada, noted for its two-faced political policies, has a choice of either Santa Claus (reform), or Pere Noel (orthodox). Scandinavia knows him as Kris Kringle — if they know him at all. It seems they prefer Black Peter. Then there is the paternal image aroused in the United Kingdom, where he is affectionally referred to as Father Christmas. In Eastern Europe, the benevolent Red takes on a holy air, and has been officially canonized Saint Nicholas.

So, we see, not only is there a discrepancy in nomenclature, but also in mental images. True, this illusive little man in the white fur-lined red habit, is known universally as a bearer of gifts, but what is he? A saint? A father? Is he French and romantic? English and stiff-upper-lipped? Russian and Red? Canadian and bilingual? Scandinavian and socialistic?

It's obvious that our schizophrenic Santa is in deep trouble. Freud would have had a ball — if he believed in Santa Claus, and then he would have been in trouble.

But that's not all. It seems that no one is even quite sure what it is they are celebrating. True, most of us know it as Christmas, but to the Madison Avenue policy-makers, it's Xmas. And since Madison Avenue

knows what's best for us, it seems that we have been deceived for the past 1,962 years.

That's right. Jesus X was born in Bethlehem, and that is why we celebrate Xmas today. So you see, the whole Xian religion is based on one letter... X. Xian children are xened, some of them are called Xopher or Xtina, and some of them are raised in Corpus Xi, Texas. Obviously, we have been misled for nearly two thousand years.

But no matter who brings us our gifts, and no matter whether they are brought on Christmas-Eve or on Xmas Eve, and no matter whether there is snow on the tin roof, or rain on the grass shack, and no matter whether the Spirit of Christmas (Xmas) arrives by sleigh or whether he arrives by helicopter, or whether his favorite drink is American Coca-Cola or English tea, and no matter whether his little helpers are gnomes or elves, or pixies or fairies.

And no matter whether the Father of this holiday is married to Mrs. Claus or Mrs. Kringle, or Mrs. Noel or Saint Nicholas, no matter — the important thing is that the holiday millions of people celebrate is never celebrated without recalling the reason for its existence, the circumstances of its conception, and the moral philosophies inherent in its observance.

The Organization Examined

by
EVE COUPLAND
CUP Editor

The organization known as the Canadian University Press has the immediate purpose of providing a national press service to Canadian University newspapers and to create an opportunity for student journalists to improve the standards of student journalism.

English and French are the official languages of the association, and perhaps the ultimate aim of all CUP activities is to increase students' knowledge of Canada as a whole and their knowledge of student activities in other sections of the nation.

Wire Service

One aspect of CUP, and perhaps the most important one, is the establishment of a wire service between member papers. Most student papers are not published daily, and so often news may break before they are ready to publish. When this happens, they are supposed to wire the information directly to the CUP office in Ottawa. Ottawa sends wires containing the details to all papers, such as *The Daily*, who have a nightly deadline. In this way news is received while it is still fresh. Apart from this, there is an exchange of member papers, and information of other campuses is received this way as well.

No member paper is bound to accept for use in its own paper any services provided by the Canadian University Press, and on the other hand, regular services and privileges of CUP may not extend to non-member papers without the permission of the National Executive. Membership is open to any Canadian newspaper produced by registered students of an educational institution beyond the secondary school level, and upon recommendation of the executive, a Canadian university paper with these qualifications may be granted membership upon a two-thirds majority vote at the National Conference.

National Conference

The National Conference is perhaps the most invaluable service provided by CUP. Once a year, delegates from all the member papers meet to discuss various problems connected with student journalism, and votes are taken on the issues that do arise. Through the comparisons of methods, discussion with other delegates and the judging of the quality of the member papers, each person attending can pick up many new, and often good ideas about the running of a student newspaper.

The National President of CUP is a full-time employee, who is paid by the contributions made by the various papers. He administers the affairs of CUP, conducts the wire-service, organizes the National Conference and the contest which decides which papers deserve which awards.

Awards

Various awards are given to member papers for excellence in certain aspects of journalism. The Bracken Trophy is given to that paper with the highest standard of editorials. Le Droit Trophy is awarded to the French-language papers for general excellence, while its equivalent, the Southam Trophy is awarded to the English papers. The Jacques-Bureau Trophy is awarded for general excellence among the member papers who publish less than twice weekly.

Discussions

This year, the Annual conference will be held in Ottawa at the end of this month. For four days the delegates will attend seminars and discussions. There will be a chance to find out more about student press-student-council relationships. Five student council presidents will form a panel to discuss the topic and to answer questions posed to them by the delegates. A second panel will examine the law behind libel actions and the implications of a libel suit.

Another aspect of the conference will be a talk to be given entitled *The Press and the Public*, at which a discussion of the responsibility of editors to their reading public and press ethics in general will take place. There might also be a discussion by representatives of foreign press services and embassy public relations officers who will examine aspects of foreign press and the work of a foreign correspondent.

So in its way, CUP has a large role to play upon Canadian Campuses. The interchanging of information from Vancouver to Prince Edward Island can give a far truer sense of Canada and Canadianism than many another aspect of university life.

Canadian University Press

THE CHARTER

WHEREAS The Canadian student press believes in the following principles, —

that freedom of expression and debate by means of a free and vigorous press is essential to the effectiveness of an educational community in a democratic society;

that where the student press is a function of the student government, or the university administration, this should in no way be allowed to impair the freedom of the student press;

that the student press should be free of all forms of external interference;

that it is essential to a free student press that it be responsible for the views and opinions it expresses, and,

that the basic duties of such a free student press are to present the varied opinions of the students it represents, to present news fairly and without bias, to interpret local, national and international events, and issues of interest and import to students to the best of its ability.

And whereas freedom of the student press has been abridged in the following ways, —

confiscation of issues of student newspapers due to the publication of material which faculty or administration authorities considered detrimental to the reputation and welfare of the institution, or some department of the institution;

suspension, expulsion, or threats of similar action against student editors; suspension, or threatened suspension of publications because of the publishing or proposed publishing of matters which faculty or administrative authorities considered detrimental to the reputation and welfare of the institution, or some department of the institution;

control of the content of a student newspaper through censorship by faculty, administrative authorities, and the student government so that the student newspaper tended to become a public relations organ of the institution or an instrument of the student government;

financial pressure used to limit or retaliate against editorial policy; by censorship of articles and/or editorial comment, by civic and academic authorities, and,

by inordinate and excessive social pressure used to prevent publication of particular issues or opinions.

Therefore, the Canadian student press affirms its belief that it should be free from all abuses listed under Article II, and declares the following fundamental rights, duties and responsibilities necessary for effective implementation for the principles of Article I, —

that the Canadian student press should be free from pressure by student governments, university authorities, or any external agencies;

that within the restrictions of the laws of libel and within the scope of their responsibilities and duties as outlined in article I, the Canadian student press should be autonomous and,

that the Canadian student press should be free to develop so that it can continue to fulfill its role in the academic community.

Hilarity Fills Wide-Open Spaces Throughout University Newspapers

Humour in campus newspapers is sometimes accidental, usually hilarious, and always present. It can be found in any number of places, from the ears of the *Western Gazette* to the headlines of the *Varsity* to any copy of the *Sheaf*. Some of the jokes are very "in", such as the recent *Western Gazette* ears "Redurz Bi Tri Tutchuz" while universal appeal is found in headlines such as the recent *Varsity* donation, "UC dogs deplore loss of hydrant".

The *Sheaf* displays its humour so often and in so many forms that when they presented an article on "Medicare and You", dealing with student medical facilities, they were forced to include in the headline the phrase "A Serious Story".

In the *Ubysey*, a story was recently related about a poor chap who didn't read *Playboy*, *Gent*, or *Dude*. Instead he read only photographic publications, principally those which carried *Miranda* advertisements, showing a nude dra-

ped around a *Miranda* single-lens camera. The article went on to tell of his misery and dismay when, after purchasing twelve such cameras, he still had not received his nude.

The odd example of hilarity appears even on the editorial page

by
WENDA McNEVIN

of the *Martlet*, where one recently reprinted "letter to the editor" was set up in telegram form as follows: "An open letter to Premier Bennett: 'Christmas will be on the 25th of December, as usual. If this meets with your approval. Respectfully yours, GOD'"

An editorial note followed: "This letter was inscribed in fire by a huge hand extending from the wall of the *Martlet* office."

However, not all the humour presented is intentional. Some weeks

ago, the *Ubysey* slipped up — probably in the wee small hours of the morning — and ran not only an advertisement, but also, very plainly underneath it, the specific instructions on how it was to be run and when.

It is also very fascinating to note how the various newspapers deal with the problem of insufficient copy. Many simply fill in with CUP information, but a few are original. When the *Sheaf* finds itself lacking in sports copy, it explains just what happened — with small print in a big hole. Hence we read such notices as "this space, normally reserved for advance publicity for Husky sporting events, has been unable to be filled because of the sudden resignation of our sporting staff." The *Ontarion*, published by OA-VC Mac employs a different filling system — it publishes, nicely centred in the vacuum, the address of the women's residence. The *Dalhousie Gazette* filled a four by two inch hole with the statement "14 days until?"

Campus Capsules

The Lance

"Change our face — not our name"

Students have organized to protest the proposed removal of the word "Assumption", judged inappropriate by some due to its religious connotations, from the official title of the University of Windsor. The first student demonstration, previous to the formal organization of the protest group, took the form of an effigy hanging. The dangling dummy bore a placard reading simply, "University of Windsor".

Queen's Journal

The World is Ruled by Catholics And Miracles are Now Acceptable

Sir Arthur Lunn, in an address to the Newman Club at Queen's University, maintained that the most noteworthy feature of the modern world was the clash between Catholicism and Communism. He felt that the Catholic Church was becoming more and more influential in the world today, citing leaders Kennedy, DeGaulle, and Adenauer as evidence of this growing influence.

The Sheaf

Expose No. 5

"Fearlessly the SHEAF points an accusing finger. The fearlessly pointing finger points at the Alumni Association and/or its executive staff." The pointing finger accuses the association of being remiss in its acknowledgement of donations and in its attempts to preserve contact between the university and its former students — specifically alumnus Hugh MacLennan, listed on its files as "out of touch", but nevertheless the recent recipient of an honorary degree from the University of Saskatchewan.

The Martlet

H.M.C.S. Clearihue Still Afloat

"Water water everywhere and the cement floor did shrink. Water, water everywhere, and the Clearihue Building floated toward Cedar Hill Road, listing badly to port."

The basement of Victoria College's Clearihue Building was flooded with four inches of water as a result of a broken water main. Classes were cancelled due to temporary flood conditions.

The Muse

Frats Await Ides Of March

A Council meeting at the Memorial University of Newfoundland voted to "decline to recognize any more fraternities or sororities or any organized groups deemed by the Council as such and further that before the 14th of March 1963 the Council meet with a view to establishing a policy that no fraternities or sororities may exist in any form whatsoever and that such be recommended to next year's Council." The motion was passed 8-3 with two abstentions.

The Varsity

Resentment of new policy: Students pay for supervision

Students at the University of Toronto have protested hotly against the administration's new parking policy. Campus cops now collect fifty cents from each student driver who parks his car on campus after dark. Students have complaints as well as small change for the administration; the general consensus was that having to pay to park was "pretty ridiculous".

The Gazette

Pranksters Give Building Secrets For Grey Walls

In an attempt to provide their own solution to campus parking problems, a small but determined group reconstructed the Berlin wall across the University of Western Ontario's University Bridge. The amateur masons employed cement blocks, concrete, lanterns, barricades, flashing yellow lights, and detour signs to build a five-foot barrier. The wall, erected at 2 am, was not discovered and demolished by groundskeepers until 5.

The Carleton

Believe \$100 Grant By Council Was Unconstitutional

The Student Council of Carleton University held an emergency meeting to vote a \$100 cheque for "the financial and moral support" of Dr. Arthur James Kraus, formerly of New York's City College, in his twenty-nine year-old fight for justice. Dismissed from the teaching staff of City College for expressing his views on the likelihood of a second world war, Dr. Kraus has travelled from country to country seeking support for his cause — academic freedom. Two political science students have circulated a petition bearing over 250 signatures to protest the council's donation as an "unhealthy precedent." In the workings of the student government. Although declaring themselves in sympathy with Dr. Kraus' cause, the petitioning students question the constitutionality of the Council's philanthropic gesture and ask for a referendum to decide the issue.

The Ryersonian

Say Promised \$35 But Received Less

Nineteen Ryerson students crowded into a telephone booth for CBC cameras on Flashback, a Sunday night television program. The students spent four hours climbing in and out of a telephone booth when the show was taped, on the understanding that they would receive \$35, minus \$5 for union fees, for their suffocating stint. This offer had been made by CBC's Thelma Rosen when the network contacted Ryerson in order to find students willing to re-enact a 1959 stunt when Ryerson Journalism and Printing Management students broke the telephone-booth-cramming record. When the students received their cheques two weeks after the taping to discover them payable for only \$8.04, Graphic Arts Director Schrader came to their defence, threatening to sue the broadcasting company unless the students were fully reimbursed.

Brunswickan

Fees Go Up Up Up

Academic, residence, and Students' Council fees were raised this year at the University of New Brunswick, due to increased expenses in the operation of the university and the students' society. The extra funds will be used to alleviate the overcrowded conditions in the library and classrooms, to construct new residences, and to support the increased budgets of Radio UNB, the Student Handbook, and the Brunswickan.

The Fulcrum

Suspension

Michael Kirby, director of the "Bottin", was suspended from the Students' Federation for an unauthorized expenditure of \$92 incurred in the compilation of the student directory. In response to the Federation's decision, Kirby removed all the drafts of the "bottin" from the printer's office and refused to release them until the budget was approved, thus delaying publication of the student directory for another month.

Le Carabin

A New Dean

Yves Pratte was appointed Dean of the Laval University Law Faculty after the departure of Guy Hudon, who resigned due to student pressure. Pratte predicted a "regime of austerity" and expressed his hope that Law would become as influential in intellectual circles as "certain other more youthful faculties". He outlined certain administrative reforms which would enable him to hear of the inevitable grievances and to settle them before they took on enormous proportions. Finally he declared that he did not consider his nomination as an honour, but as a task to be accomplished.

by ANNE BEATTS

The Sheaf ... Criticized

Perhaps the most interesting controversy that has hit Canadian Campus papers recently has been that revolving around the University of Saskatchewan's paper, *The Sheaf*. This paper is unusual in its style, to say the least. Printed on varying shades of pastel paper, in different coloured inks, each issue boasts at least one "in-joke" per page, and at least one "dirty joke" per every three pages. News coverage may run the risk of appearing upside-down in the paper, and the editors seem to enjoy alliterative headlines such as "Liberals Lick Losers" and "SOB's Seduce Suckers". Apart from this, large pumpkins appear behind the printing on the Halloween issue, and often the super-imposition on colour upon colour can be quite painful to the eye.

Needless to say, this unorthodoxy has caused screams of disgust from several campus papers, and despite the fact that *The Sheaf* has run two articles upon journalistic policy, and a third upon the value of CUP, its critics seem to feel that *The Sheaf* is grinding the hallowed name of CUP into the dust.

Dal vs. Sheaf

Says the *Dalhousie Gazette*; "Styling itself the 'underestimated undergrad Newspaper of the University of Saskatchewan', *The Sheaf* this year has committed repeated and irresponsible breaches of good taste in violation of the Charter and Code of Ethics of Canadian University Press of which it is a member. As another member paper of CUP, *The Gazette* must formally protest this disregard for the principles and standards to which members are bound to adhere."

The editorial continues by citing examples of *The Sheaf's* "utter lack of imagination and decency" such as the front page picture of a deserted parking lot with the caption of "Beneath the Crosses Row on Row". It then attacks the statement of policy that appeared in the Sept. 25 issue of *The Sheaf*:

"Since this is a student paper, we do feel justified in introducing touches of levity and facetiousness into what might otherwise be rather dull material. We believe that our readers are perceptive enough to distinguish which is which and thus do not overly concern ourselves with running flat and dry news stories merely for the sake of convention."

Sex And Drinking

This statement was labelled by *The Gazette* as a defiance of convention "To the extent that it ignores the Code of Ethics of CUP". The editorial went on to deplore the obsession that *The Sheaf* seems to have for Sex and Drinking, and concluded with the statement:

"*The Gazette* does not wish the Canadian University Press to be associated with a student newspaper which disgraces its membership in the organization by its blatant disregard of its responsibilities to itself and to the community of scholars which it serves."

The *Xaverian Weekly*, printed by University of St. Francis of Xavier, called *The Sheaf* "The Playboy Of A Western Province". They attacked *The Sheaf* upon primarily moral principles.

"*The Sheaf*, as it is called, appears to be trying to set a record in the amount of smut and bad taste they can include in one issue. For an eight page endeavour, they do very well."

Maritime Judgment

"At the recent (regional) Canadian University Press conference held here last weekend *The Sheaf* was brought out. The reactions of the Editors of other Maritime Universities indicated the opinion that *The Sheaf* is failing in its job."

The editorial continued by adding that; "Smut is often found in its rawest and lowest form among educated people. This seems rather strange because it is the educated person who knows better than to indulge in such a low form of amusement. If they be educated, they should know better."

"When it comes to a newspaper it is the editor who makes the decisions as to what will be printed and what will be scrapped. This being the case, the fault lies not with misled reporters but with the editor."

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notes on glenn gibson

Glenn Gibson, who recently signed the contract to direct McGill's Red and White Revue, was having a press conference. He is a slight dark young man with a napoleonic hair cut and a friendly smile.

We discussed his interest in theatre which began when he took ballet to strengthen his legs for hockey. Ballet became his main interest and he found he couldn't leave it. He went on to solo with the National Ballet Company, which he feels is doing marvellous things for Canada.

Gibson mentioned Canada often during our conversation. He talked as though he were a patriot-internationalist; proud of his country, but looking to theatre as a field in which there are no barriers of race, religion or origin. He is obviously proud of Toronto's new O'Keefe Centre which has brought some really top-notch theatre to Canada, so-



Glenn Gibson, who will direct this year's version of the Red & White Revue, demonstrates a routine for four aspiring Revue stars, at a try-out held last week.

me of which Glenn has acted himself. He justifies his desertion of "Hogtown" by saying that theatre at McGill is beneficial to all Canada and he tries to associate with "anything Canadian".

His enthusiasm for the Red & White expressed itself in words like "smash" and "marvellous". He is looking for keen performers who can co-operate in that

manner which turns a good show into a "smash".

Linda Randall, Gazette reporter and a former Revue star, interviewed Gibson who wore the casual coat sweater that has become popular with men from Perry Como to Doctor Einstein. The Daily reporter was in the corner scribbling busily the details of Gibson's career to date.

Gibson likes Edward Albee and hopes to get to New York to see his latest play. He has a very definite philosophy about revues. Usually, he said, they don't even have a story line. In this show we have both a book and a revue. You might call it a book-revue, he quipped.

Gibson feels that a revue should be personal and subjective. A revue is an entirely different animal from a play. Its appeal has no similarity to the

usual play. It merely aims to entertain and to do that zanily.

Have you met Pierre Burton? I asked.

At Union meetings, he said.

And is he human?

No comment, he said and rushed off to catch a plane to Burtonland.

EVE NORTON

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The Women's Line

by CYNTHIA BAUMAN
Women's Sports Editor

This past week the female athletes terminated their sports program for the first term. In intercollegiate play on Thursday the Grads played the McGill Senior Basketbells and were squashed 33-29 proving to all that youth triumphs. The same night Basile Morleau College was pitted against the Red and White Intermediates. However, this time we did not fare as well. Our opponents out shot and out maneuvered us to emerge with a 39-18 victory. Our intermediate squad suffered another defeat on Saturday at the hands of the girls from Bishop's. The tally was 25-12 with McGill taking points for one basket and ten foul shots. High scorer for the Red and White was Linda Dahms who captured six points.

McGill played her round in the Intercollegiate Bowling Telegraphic Tournament on Wednesday. Total pinfall was 2,427 for five girls playing three games each. This was an increase of 250 over last year's total. High scorer was Joanne Horne with 540; other team members were Janet Lee Shaffner, Colline Swartz, Sandra Burt, and Judy MacDonald. Final results of the competition will not be available until after Christmas when they will be computed by the University of Alberta which is in charge of this meet.

Skating

The Figure Skating Club has ended its recreational sessions for this season. Twenty-four girls have been selected to take part in the exhibition at Winter Carnival Hockey Night but the names must be ratified by the Carnival Committee before they are made public. The Club has selected its executive for the coming term. The President is Frances Rorke; Vice-President, Helen Softley; Secretary-Treasurer, Ilse Skija; Directors, Susan Baird, Aimi Kuura, and Dina MacDonald.

Thetas Triumph

The hockey intramurals came to an end yesterday when the Thetas toppled the Arts and Science squad in the finals to emerge as champions of the league. The score of the encounter was 2-1 after one minute of play in the second overtime period. Bev Rowat hit the first puck into the nets for the Thetas and Ruth Petrie scored the goal that broke the tie; the lone tally for the losing squad was made by Joan Glashan. During the season the Thetas were never scored upon, due to the efficiency of goalie Barb Rowat, and the goal scored by Joan was the only blemish on Miss Rowat's outstanding record. Top scorers during the competition were Joan Glashan, Ruth Petrie, and Helen Softley, and the top position on defence was held by Bea Taylor. Next on the slate for women's hockey will be an intercollegiate meet on January 28 against Queen's, Toronto, O.A.C., McMaster, and Western. The Red and White Varsity squad will be chosen from outstanding players in the intramural league.

Fencers Split Two Matches To Defeat C.M.R. Over-All

Last Saturday the Fencing Team once more sallied forth to do battle. This time the hapless defenders were the College Militaire Royal de St. Jean. Two matches were fought simultaneously. The first was a match against CMR, and the second was a three-way match against CMR and Macdonald College.

In the first match, there was keen competition, which, while it may have been fun, saw little of

the grace and style which one normally expects in fencing. However, despite this, the Fencers really did endeavour to win. Finally experience and knowledge had to bow to enthusiasm and determination. In the final count the result was 8-8. However, in the total hits for and against, McGill came a sorry second. CMR had 49 hits against McGill 54.

But if the first pool was somewhat disheartening the results of

the second amply made up for it. Here in the three way match the final results were CMR 2, Macdonald College 11, McGill 14. Since McGill lost only one of the 9 matches to CMR, the net result for the whole match can be claimed a victory at a somewhat hard price. In hits for and against McGill had 33 against, CMR 69, and Macdonald 50, a convincing win for the Red and White. Final standings, McGill 22, CMR 11, Macdonald College 11.



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Laura Thaw Is Phenomenal Face



The race for the face is over. Laura Thaw, B.A. 1, whose picture appears above, life size, has won the Phenomenal Daily Face Contest with 538 votes.

The runner up was Alex Lieblich with 411 votes. Others receiving votes within the range of 200-300 were Leonard "Irv" Silver, Simon Schwartz and David G. Miller. Up for honorable mention are Paul Yaphe, Juris Kalnavarns and Morrie Baum. Dishonorable mention (according to votes) are Scotty McRae, Esther Mills, and Andy Roman.

18 faces were nominated, with a total of 1,654 votes handed in. The votes were handed in on a variety of tissues, scrap paper,

poster and ad backs, napkins, Daily copy, paper, and ordinary loose-leaf paper. One entry, though illegal, contained a magnum number of names. It was the "Declaration of Support" for a football game, found in the Daily of November 16th.

Miss Thaw, on being informed of her victory, stated that it was wonderful to have her face printed, and that she wished to thank everyone who voted for her. She was quoted as coyly saying, "It is a pleasant birthday gift, as my birthday comes during Christmas."

Don't forget to vote in the coming phenomenal foot contest (heh, heh).

Model Parliament; MP's Visit Varsity

TORONTO (CUP) — The University of Toronto's Model Parliament campaign has shifted into high gear with several members of the Federal Parliament and one unsuccessful candidate in the last election descending on the campus.

They toured coffee shops, way-laid escaping students on a hand-shaking blitz and staged a couple of speeches.

The U of T student paper, The Varsity says Trade and Commerce Minister George Hees became the target of heavy heckling and jeering when he failed to answer questions put to him by students.

Hees tangled with Ed Roberts, a notorious Liberal from Newfoundland. The incident occurred when Liberal Len Shiffrin asked the Minister to explain a statement he had made earlier in the day.

It was during the tour of the campus that Hees said Canadian

troops in Europe are armed with nuclear weapons, a statement from which he has been trying to back down ever since.

When asked to clarify his statement Hees said: "I meant to say that our troops are armed with the same weapons as NATO forces."

He was reminded that he had specified nuclear weapons in his first statement. "If I did I certainly didn't intend to," he said.

Defence Minister Douglas Harkness later issued a statement saying there has been no change in the government's policy on nuclear arms. Mr. Hees was obviously referring to weapons with nuclear capability."

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Ten Redmen Are All-Stars

by **BOB COHEN**
Sports Editor

The 1962 OQAA Intercollegiate football league season was capped for ten McGill Redmen last week when they were named to the Canadian Press version of the 1962 OQAA All-Star team.

The ten Redmen commanded twelve positions on the offensive and defensive teams with Willie

The Princeton graduate's quick hitting running blocks and excellent pass blocking impressed the selectors.

Tom Skypeck was the quarterback selection. Although he wasn't consistently superb, his clutch performances against Queen's in

5 man defensive line; two as linebackers and two in the defensive backfield.

Al Mackenzie and Russ Zelko, McGill's two excellent defensive ends were both all-star selections. Mackenzie, who returned to the Redmen in the third week of play has been named to the team three times. Zelko, who switched from the offensive backfield to defence after he broke his wrist, was a consistently tough performer who spent the season making a mess of the opposition's wide running plays.

To nobody's surprise, Dick Feidler was chosen as a defensive tackle. Feidler was the best defensive lineman in the league in 1962.

Steve Longstaff nailed down one of the corner linebacker slots. Although Longstaff played the greater part of the season as a defensive halfback, the selectors felt he showed enough at the corner to merit his selection to the position.

running of the Queen's team cold. Queen's placed eight men on the team, Western five and Toronto one.

Coaches' Crew

Coincidentally, the OQAA Coaches annual all-star team was also released in Toronto last week.

All the positions on the Coaches offensive team were exactly the same as those on the CP team with one exception, McGill's Dick

play a lot of offensive tackle for the Redmen but when he was put in there, the McGill team was able to move the ball along the ground with greater ease."

Skypeck was the coaches unanimous choice. He received all but two first place ballots on the CP Team. Brian Conacher and Jim Young were the press' unanimous picks.

There was one change on the defensive line. Toronto's Murray Rowan was picked by the coaches instead of Western's Jack Cowin. Although Rowan was the only Varsity defensive lineman pointed out by either team, the feeling around the league is that the Blues had one of the hardest hitting front fives and perhaps deserved to place one or two more men in the golden ranks.



ERIC WALTER

Lambert earning two way halfback honors.

Offensively, the Redmen placed two men on the line but captured three of the five available backfield positions. End Don Taylor won all-star honors for the third consecutive year. Although Taylor's pass catching was hampered early in the schedule by a broken



ANDY CONNOR

thumb, his flawless blocking and strong receiving in the latter stages of the season made him a prime candidate for the honor. Andy Connor, a 6'2" 225 pounder nabbed one of the tackle posts.



DON TAYLOR



TOM SKYPECK

the regular season and his outstanding field generalship throughout made him the best quarterback in the league.

Eric Walter and Willie Lambert snared two of the halfback posts. Walter was a do-everything Redman. He was the league's leading scorer and pass catcher and was the Redmen's total offence leader.



DICK FEIDLER

Lambert was second high scorer for the Red and White. He broke Queen's back twice and had his best season since 1960.

On Defence

The Redmen Defence, which from the third game on was the best in the league, received due recognition. Three placed on the



STEVE LONGSTAFF



WILLIE LAMBERT

Tony Blair copped one of the inside linebacking posts. Blair was out for the last game of the season because of a bad knee but he was instrumental in Redmen victories over the Gaels, stopping the inside



AL MACKENZIE

Feidler was selected as a tackle instead of Queen's Pete Thompson.

One of the Toronto Coaches explained the discrepancy to Varsity Sports Editor Rick Kollins. "We realize that Feidler didn't



RUSS ZELKO



TONY BLAIR

There were two discrepancies in the coaches defensive secondary. Don Plumley captured one of the corner linebacking posts instead of Steve Longstaff and Toronto's Randy Parker was picked as an inside linebacker instead of Queen's Fred Endley.

In the defensive backfield, Western's John Wydrany got the nod over his teammate Ken Rysdale.

The Gridiron Greats

Offense

Halfbacks:

Conacher, Western
Young, Queen's
Walter, McGill
Lambert, McGill

Quarterback:

Skypeck, McGill

Ends:

Taylor, McGill
Near, Toronto

Tackles:

Thompson, Queen's
Connor, McGill

Guards:

Erickson, Queen's
Mundy, Western

Center:

Porter, Queen's

Defence

Halfbacks:

Lambert, McGill (tied)
Quinn, Queen's (tied)
Plumley, Queen's
Rysdale, Western

Inside Linebackers:

Blair, McGill
Endley, Queen's

Corner Linebackers:

Longstaff, McGill (tied)
Skene, Queen's (tied)
McIntyre, Western

Center:

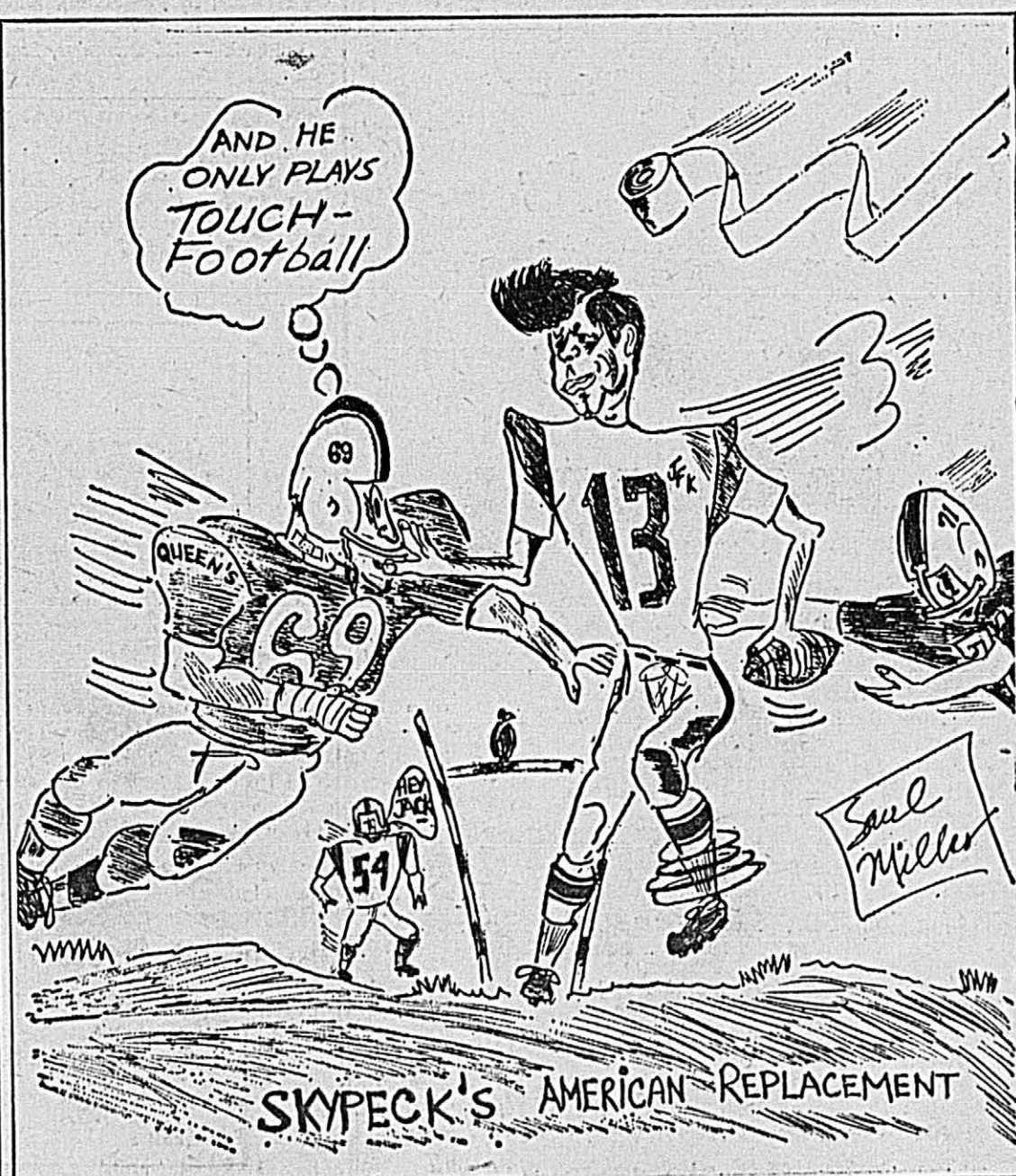
Daub, Queen's

Tackles:

Feidler, McGill
Cowin, Western

Ends:

Zelko, McGill
Mackenzie, McGill



Coaches All-Americas; Bob Bell Chosen Again

Ten seniors and one junior, led by holdover All-American Bobby Bell of Minnesota, have been selected to the 1962 first-team All-America by the American Football Coaches Association.

The resurgence of West Coast football was reflected in the coaches' balloting. Named to the first team from Far West are tackle Steve Barnett, University of Oregon; junior end Hal Bedsole, University of Southern California; and Oregon State's do-everything quarterback, Terry Baker.

First team lineup, as announced by AFCA president and Duke head coach William Murray, includes:

Ends — Pat Richter, University of Wisconsin; Hal Bedsole, University of Southern California.

Tackles — Steve Barnett, University of Oregon; Bobby Bell, University of Minnesota.

Guards — Johnny Treadwell, University of Texas; Rufus Guthrie, Georgia Tech.

Center — Lee Roy Jordan, University of Alabama.

Quarterback — Terry Baker, Oregon State University.

Halfbacks — Jerry Stovall, Louisiana State University; Roger Kochman, Penn State University.

Fullback — George Salmes, Michigan State University.

In a season of many outstanding quarterbacks, Baker turned back strong challenges by Miami's George Mira and Northwestern's Tom Myers. The Oregon State senior was again one of the nation's leaders in total offense and completed his three-season career with more than 4,000 yards by rushing and passing.

Wisconsin's Pat Richter, a Big Ten letterman in football, basketball, and baseball, was a heavy favorite at one end position. But USC's Bedsole, who combined with quarterback Pete Beathard for

many fine pass plays, earned his first-team nomination in a close ballot race with Washington State's Hugh Campbell.

The 33 players named by the nation's coaches to the three All-America teams were closely appraised. Through widespread exchange of game movies, coaches were able to select outstanding players in all regions of the country.

Beside three first-team members, the coaches named six West Coast players to their All-America second and third teams. Team lineups are:

Seconds:

Ends — Hugh Campbell, Washington State; Dave Robinson, Penn State.

Tackles — Jim Dunaway, Mississippi; Bob Vogel, Ohio State.

Guards — Ray Mansfield, Washington; Jack Cvercko, Northwestern.

Center — Dame Behrman, Michigan State.

Quarterback — George Mira, Miami.

Halfbacks — Mel Renfro, Oregon; Kermit Alexander, U.C.L.A.

Fullback — Bill Thornton, Nebraska.

Third:

Ends — Vern Burke, Oregon State; Tom Hutchinson, Kentucky.

Tackles — Fred Miller, Louisiana State; Scott Appleton, Texas.

Guards — Don Brumm, Purdue; Tom Hertz, Missouri.

Center — Don McKinnon, Dartmouth.

Quarterback — Tom Myers, Northwestern.

Halfbacks — Eldon Fortie, Brigham Young; Billy Gambrell, South Carolina.

Fullback — Ed Cummins, Stanford.

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THE SNOWMAN

Never let it be said that we're not closing out the year 1962 in a rambunctious, fighting fashion. A few things that have gone on in the intercollegiate sports scene in the past few weeks are enough to try the patience of a saint.

Last Wednesday afternoon, the 1962 edition of the Canadian Press All-Star Football Team was announced. Although generally good, some of the selections left us in sheer disbelief. To wit, Dave Skeene, Queen's excellent inside linebacker being selected as a corner man. Even more interesting though was the fact that Skeene tied in the balloting with McGill's Steve Longstaff. Although listed as a corner linebacker on the programs, Longstaff played practically the entire season as a defensive halfback. Chalk up two.

Then there was the case of Willie Lambert. Willie had a magnificent season as a pass catcher and was duly rewarded by being selected to the offensive team. Mysteriously enough though, he was also named as a defensive half. Lambert played a bit of defence at the beginning of the year but he was often spelled. He didn't play any one entire game on defence and didn't play defence at all through the last four games of the regular schedule.

The End and The Beginning

This marks the last of the issues of the Daily for 1962. It has been a year to remember in sport. Few will contest that the image of Tom Skyeck rearing back and lifting that last ditch touchdown pass to Willie Lambert all but erases any other recollection from our mind.

Before we fly off into space retracing the details of that never to be forgotten November 17, we can, with one last gasp, send out to you, all of the very best for the merriest of Christmases and the most peaceful of New Years.

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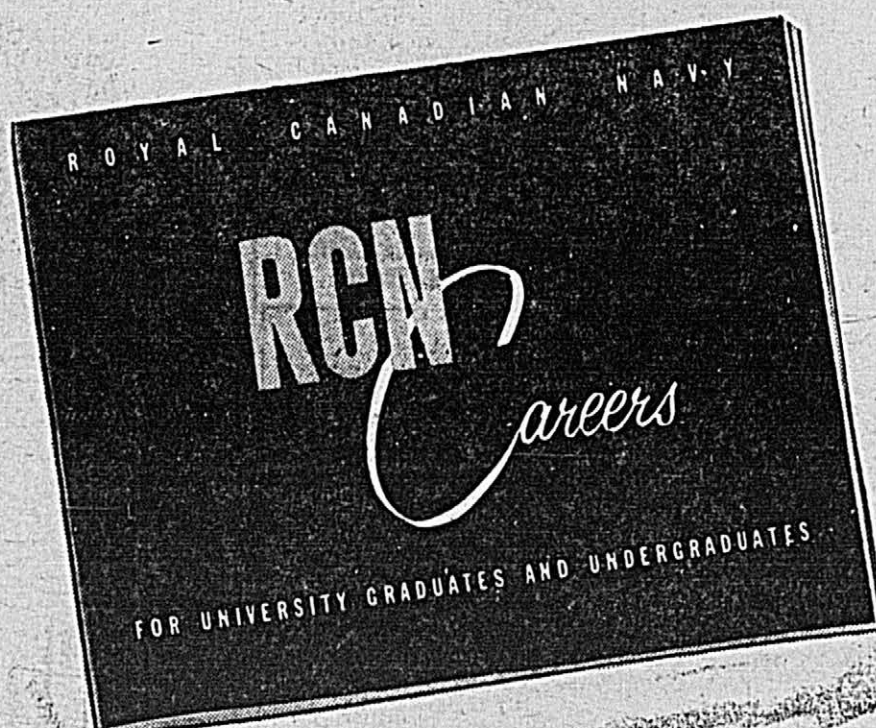
You may register for the F.P.E. programme at the Sir Arthur Currie Gymnasium on these dates:

Tuesday, January 8, 1963 —
Engineers only, 11 am — 2 pm

Wednesday, January 9, 1963 —
Freshmen—last initials 'A'-'J', 11 am — 2 pm

Thursday, January 10, 1963 —
Freshmen—last initials 'K'-'Z', 11 am — 2 pm

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The Intramural Scene

by SHELDON PRICE

As the first half of the Intramural season for 1962-63 draws to a close, the predominant traits of increased participation and keener rivalry are evident in the Program. The Football League, with a record number of twenty-six entries, witnessed one of the most exciting upsets in League history. The Butyl Mercaptans at the beginning of the year, certainly posed a serious challenge to the mighty Champs, the Bankers; however they were not expected to win the Championship in the convincing style that they did. Combining the ability of two all-stars — Bruce Hutchinson and Gary Boslaugh — they wheeled into the playoffs in high gear, now they began to soundly demolish their opponents, finally capturing the Title by defeating the C.I.F.'s, 19-13. The Faculty of Arts and Science swept through the Track and Field Tournament, winning by a phenomenal margin. A Commerce man, Len McDougall, won the often-postponed Tennis Tournament. The Intramural Swim Meet saw once again the Faculty of Arts and Science, nudge Commerce and Engineering for the victory.

I now have the honour of unveiling this year's Intramural Touchfootball League's all-star teams as chosen by the worthy Scribe.

FIRST TEAM

Offence

Left End Hutchinson
Centre Gordon
Right End Tingley
Q.B. Boslaugh
Left H.B. Shadley
Right H.B. Schreiber

Defence

Left End Taylor
Centre Smaolak
Right End Motherwell
Linebacker Friedman
H.B. Hutchinson
H.B. Kivenko

The Most Valuable Player award goes to the "old redhead", Bruce Hutchinson. In my estimation, Boslaugh undoubtedly deserved priority as first all-star Q.B. The most underrated player on the Champs was the Q.B. In describing the tremendous catches made by Hutch, Sproule, and others, I invariably did not mention that this was due to Boslaugh's pin-point passing.

A great amount of activity has occurred in the ice hockey, floor hockey, basketball and volleyball leagues. In hockey action, Medicine sparked by Mosley's two goals, set back Dentistry 2-1. Arts and Science won both their encounters this week. They creamed Engineering 8-0 and whipped Education by the score of 3-1. Attridge was the star of both games, coping five goals and two assists. Commerce duplicated Arts' and Science's feat by crushing Dentistry 6-1 and trouncing Architecture 5-1. Peterson played a key role for the victors in their matches. Engineering bounced back from its humiliating defeat by the Arts and Science contingent, nudging out the Grads 2-1.

Floor hockey action witnessed the collapse of the Champs, the Dents. The Champs defaulted games to Med I, Law I and the Swivils. Argoes battled Education to a 2-2 deadlock, and then proceeded to smear Arch on Johnson's great play. Med II won one game on a default by Arch and then were beaten by the Wholes 4-1. The Wholes won their second game squeaking by the Shysters 2-1 on Pedor's two goals. The Bankers, led by Grant and Motherwell demolished their opposition, Med III and Law I, 3-1 and 5-2 respectively. The Swivils after playing to a draw with Med III were blanked by Med I, 5-0, as Mosley erupted for four goals for Med I. Finally Education and the Shysters played to a 3-3 tie.

Quite a few games occurred in the basketball league. Dents 3 and 4, thanks to the solid play of Murray and Conson, beat the Pinboys 24-14. Med III nipped the Puritans 27-23; Med II trampled the Seamen 36-10; the Polymophs, led by Shore with 11 points, defeated the B.M.'s 27-15; M & M barely defeated the rejuvenated Falcons 24-21; the Shysters walked over the Lappers Lightning 41-16; Dents I and II crept by the Turkeys by the score of 29-22; and Architecture crushed Science II 29-14.

Volleyball action has produced many lopsided counts during the past few games. Architecture smeared the weak Flywheels 15-2, 15-10 and the People added to the Flywheels' miseries by creaming them to the tune of 15-3, 15-0. The Flywheels, unable to recuperate from these disastrous games, defaulted their next game to the Dents II. The People, an exciting team to watch, won their other games, walking over Dents II, 15-7, 15-11 and easily knocking off Dents 2B to the tune of 15-4, 15-3. The Bandits, a powerhouse in the league, crushed the poor Dynamoes 15-4, 15-10, and sweeping over the Slivics 15-2, 15-0.

The Dynamoes, unable to get untracked in the Intramurals this year, continued their trend by succumbing to Med IA, 15-6, 15-12. The Educators handled their opponents this week without too much difficulty trouncing the Slivics 15-2, 15-3, and defeating Dents I, 15-3, 15-11. Dents IV beat Dent 2B, 15-4, 16-14; brushed aside Arch, 15-2, 16-14 and then lost the rubber match of a three game series to Dents 2. Meds IA won their second game of the week by setting back Dents I three games to two. The Shysters after winning by default over Med IA dropped the match to Dent 3 by the score of 15-6, 15-7. Swivils split their activity by beating Med IB 15-11, 15-12 and then bowing to Commerce 15-3, 16-14.

Commerce then gave in to the M & M's 15-6, 15-12. In another match, Arch defaulted its game to Dents 2B. After all this action in the past few days in the Volleyball League, the scribe has finally reached a conclusion over the championship. It boils down to a four way struggle involving these teams — M & Ms, The People, Bandits and Education.

McGill Loses To Laval Wednesday But Recovers To Defeat Blues 6-3

In OQAA Hockey action during the past week, the Redmen split a pair of games losing 3-2 to Laval on Wednesday and rebounding back on Saturday afternoon, to trounce the Toronto Blues 6-3. Toronto, in their other game, on Friday night, topped the luckless U of M Carabins 4-1.

As a result of these games, the standings show Laval, McGill and Toronto sharing the leadership of the League. Laval, however, has a game in hand and could take over sole possession of first place by defeating the Carabins later this week.

From the indications so far given, the post-holiday schedule should be a hard-fought four-way race for the title. All teams in the League have shown moments of championship calibre and unlike the past few years, no team will enter the second half of the season with a clear-cut point margin.

McGill's prospects appear very strong at the present. The veterans have shown up extremely well, both on the forward line and back on defence. Goalie John Tennant, particularly has been brilliant between the pipes, often proving to be the difference between a win or a loss.

In addition, the rookies, led by centre Rick Moore have followed the initiative of their more experienced teammates and are now scoring their share of the goals.

Coach Burnett is expecting more members of last year's squad who so far have been tied up with studies to make an appearance in the

New Year. The return of Mike Richards and Colin Mosely would add defensive strength and extra scoring punch to an already well-rounded aggregate.

Last Wednesday, at Quebec City, the Redmen fell behind 3-2 after taking an early first period lead of points. All the goals came in the initial frame. The game was tightly played with neither team taking many chances. For the Redmen, Maughan and Flam were the point-getters while Chrétien, Roy and Michaud gave Laval their second win in three starts.

In the weekend tilt at the Winter Stadium, the Redmen, well supported by a toilet-paper tossing crowd of 200, overran the Hometown Blue-shirts 6-3.

Coach Burnett's charges took command of the fast-skating match early in the first period and entered their dressing room leading 2-1. Leon Abbot, taking over for Ron Doleman on the Kid Line, opened the scoring at 4:33 by slipping in a goal-mouth pass from Andy Robertson. Then, at 8:25 Tom Bell put the Redmen two goals ahead.

Toronto, however, successfully mounted their power play while Maughan was cooling his heels in the sinbin. Passi did the scoring

with assists by McNeil and Monteith.

The star of this period unquestionably was goalie John Tennant who had to handle 17 shots compared to Toronto goaler Soden's 10.

Only one goal was scored during the second period. Molson drove home this puck at 14:40 after being set up directly in front of the net by Bell and Flam.

Three more tallies were chalked up by the Redmen in the third period. Abbot took Moore's pass and after beautifully stickhandling through three Varsity defenders and cleanly beat Blues' netminder Larry Soden. A minute later Dave Kerr netted his fifth goal in four games to maintain his hot scoring pace. At 7:19, the Red and White powerplay clicked for the second time when Barry Jones scored with a close-up flip shot.

Around this time, a little rough play started but was quickly ended with the double minor penalties awarded to McDougall and Monteith. While these two were calming down, Toronto's Speyer chalked up a point on a goal-mouth scramble. Ward Passi's second goal for Toronto at 17:42 was the final tally of the afternoon.

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Lancers Trim Cagers 92-38 To Stop Win Streak At Four

by STEVE GRUBER

As the first half of the 1962-63 Basketball Season draws to a close, the McGill Redmen hold a first place lead in the City Intercollegiate Basketball League on the strength of a 4-0 record. Having garnered two wins at the expense of the Loyola Warriors and one apiece at the hands of the Georgians and the University of Montreal Carabins, the Red and White seem untouchable in this home-town league, but all mirages of a breeze in their O.Q.A.A. schedule were shattered last Saturday night when the Assumption University Lancers handled the McGill squad easily in coasting to a 92-38 win.

In dropping this encounter against the Lancers, the Redmen's apparent weaknesses which showed up in city games but did not have any detrimental effect on the Redmen's play, came to a head in this game against the Ontario school. Their inept play and failure to recover from costly errors caused their downfall. Unfortunately for the Redmen, the calibre and standard of city league play so far this year has not been good, and, due to the fact that the Redmen have not met suitable opposition in the C.I.B.L., they have not had a chance to make adjustments in their of-

fence or develop their playing abilities to any great extent. As a result, their play was tremendously hampered Saturday and they were not able to stand up to the sustained onslaught of the Assumption club.

In recalling the events of the past two weeks, the Redmen on December 4 defeated the giant-killing Loyola Warriors at the Currie Gym by a 61-41 count. As is all their previous encounters of the half year, the Redmen were behind at the half, but came back in the second period to gain four straight victories. Leading the comeback in these four games has been Captain Jack Walker, whose determined play-making has spearheaded the Redmen attack in all these cases, and has spurred the McGill club on to victory. In this final city league meet against the Warriors, Walker was high man with 26 points, 19 of

these coming in the second half, while Charlie Smith was highest man on the totem pole for Loyola with a 12-point effort.

One of the stronger attempts made in these earlier Redmen victories can also be attributed to the hard defensive work of Ian Monteith and Jim Berwick, two staunch rebounders whose control of the backboards has undoubtedly helped the Redmen to victory in their first four encounters. Berwick, a recruit from last year's Junior Varsity squad, is a 6'4" centreman whose rebounding abilities have considerably helped the McGills this year, while Monteith, a veteran with the club, has always been a big man under the boards, and can almost always handle men bigger than himself in his important role as a defender.

However, all this seeming success was shattered as the highly-

touted Assumption Lancers pierced the Redmen's victory bubble in an overwhelming 92-38 demolition of a previously unbeaten squad. This was done on the basis of a sound defensive game, comprised of a powerful full-court press and a tremendous zone defence, which they used to great advantage primarily in the first period. This greatly hampered Walker's usually effective outside shooting, as the Redmen were held to a meagre 16 points in the first half. Furthermore, the Lancers had a phenomenal 55% shooting percentage, which is hard to beat in anyone's league. To further hinder the Redmen, their first half shooting went 3/23, and the second half average is not even worth repeating.

The Lancers, led by Bernie Friesmuth, who hit for 21 points, thoroughly outplayed the Redmen and deserved their win. Following Frie-

smuth in the scoring parade was guard Jack Walker, high man for the Redmen with 14.

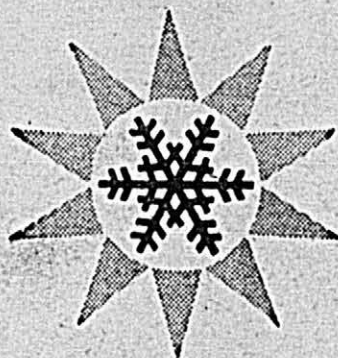
In Junior Varsity action, the Indians evened their season's record at 2-2.

On Tuesday, December 4, the Juniors had little trouble soundly defeating Loyola 54-38. Although at the beginning the score was fairly close and Loyola actually led half-way through the first period, by half-time McGill had recovered 26-22, and had everything their own way for the rest of the game. The team played well defensively, with Dave Gillman and Paul Echenberg rebounding strongly, but guards Gerry Kelly and Rick Thoman were the best for McGill, both in shooting and in bringing the ball up. Thoman had 15 points, and Echenberg and Kelly had 10 apiece, while Senecal scored 15 for Loyola.

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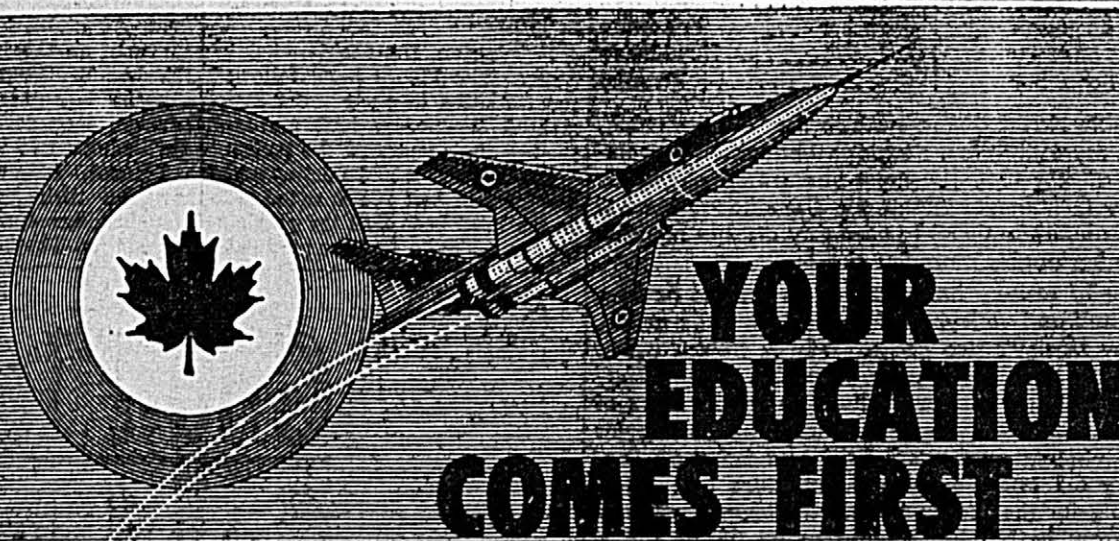
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